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A Little Flag Book

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Compiled by
HOSEA W. ROOD
Department Patriotic Instructor
Grand Army of the Republic

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March, 1921

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FOREWORD

In January, 1919, I had printed what I called "A Little Flag Book". I intended it for teachers who felt that they could make good use of it in school. There were a thousand copies of it and during the year nearly all of them were put to the use for which they were intended. In January 1920, I had a second edition of 1,200 copies printed, containing some of the original matter, with much that was new. There has been so much of a call for them that nearly all are now gone, not only into schools but public libraries both in Wisconsin and several other states. And now, as there seems to be a lively interest in our Flag and all it symbolizes, I am about to compile yet another edition, hoping it may serve a good purpose.

This book will contain what the others have done, in particular the substance of existing flag laws and flag customs. Our boys and girls should know what our flag means, and the laws and customs concerning its use. Therefore it is well to put some of those facts in a convenient form for their instruction. This book will contain, also, some other reprinted matter, for it will go to many people who have not seen the books preceding it. And it will answer many questions that come to me from time to time as patriotic instructor, for Wisconsin, of the Grand Army of the Republic. But the most of the matter in the book is new, especially the story of Old Abe the Wisconsin War Eagle. This will answer many questions about the famous old bird. There are, too, some noble flag poems and flag tributes well worth reading.

The veterans who wear the little bronze button will soon be only a memory. That by which they wish best to be remembered is their loyal devotion to the Flag and all it means. As we leave it in the care and protection of the coming generation we do exhort them to honor and cherish it, and in due time to bequeath it unsullied to those who will live after them.

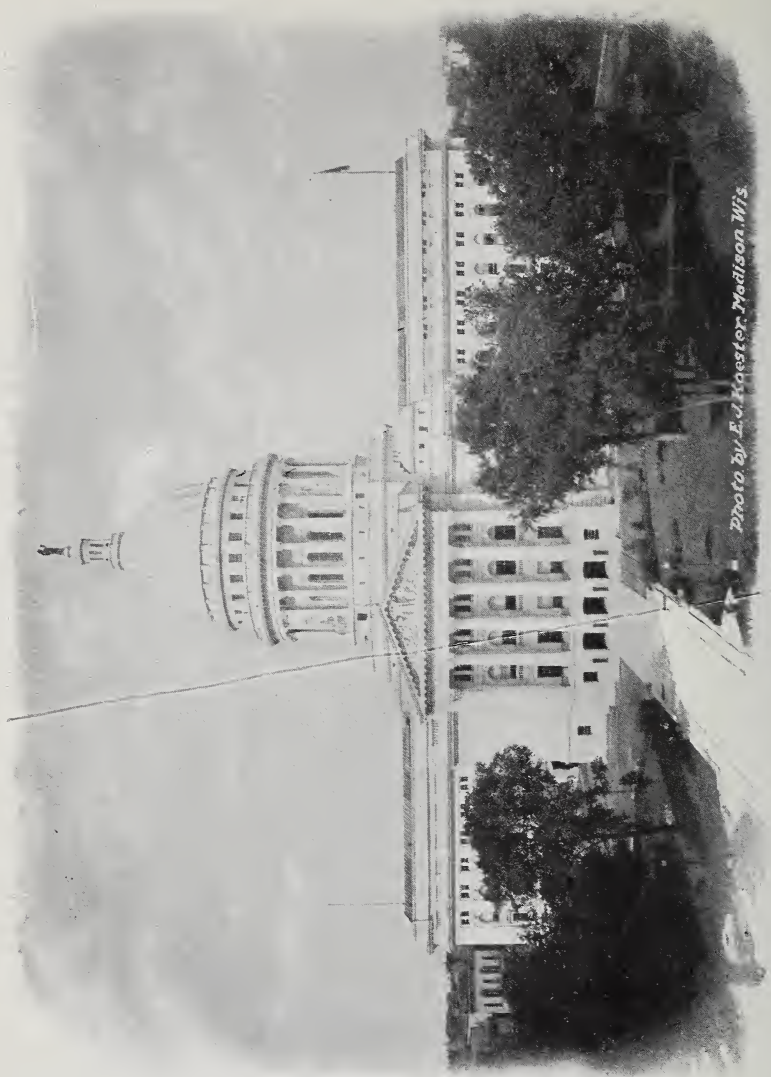


Photo by E. J. Knaster, Madison, Wis.

STATE CAPITOL

REPORT OF DEPARTMENT PATRIOTIC INSTRUCTOR

TO THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT
BARABOO, WISCONSIN,

June 15, 1920.

Comrade Hosea W. Rood, department patriotic instructor, gave a verbal outline of his report, which he said would appear in full in the encampment journal. It is as follows:

COMMANDER AND COMRADES: I do not wish that my report to you shall be merely perfunctory—given just because I am expected to say something patriotic—but that I may bring to you some facts, some thoughts and suggestions, well worth while. I am glad in the beginning to say that as time passes I have a growing faith in practical patriotic instruction. What we wish to find an abiding place in the great American heart must be put into the hearts of our children, there to enter into their growth. We may in a minute plaster something upon the surface of a stone that will soon harden and stick tight, yet will not become a part of the stone. It will not change the nature of the rock. But what is fed to a living thing will in time be transformed into the life of the thing itself. It is a matter of growth, and growth takes time. Education is growth in mind and spirit. It is not for today alone, but tomorrow—next year—twenty-five years—the coming generation.

Who Educates.

Everybody living before children has something to do with their education—you and I, Comrades, by being before them what we wish them to become. In no small measure do the church and the Sunday School teach patriotism, for they teach righteousness, and “when the righteous rule the people rejoice.” The home—the right kind of home—is the very cradle of patriotism. Yet where our little citizens get the most of their education is

in school. The school should have for one of its objects the training of boys and girls into good citizenship. To do this is worth just as much to the child, is it not, as to be taught how to get the answer to a problem in arithmetic. Is it not worth yet more to his country?

From what I have seen in many Wisconsin schools I am satisfied that the most of our teachers feel the importance of this matter, but I fear that some do not mind much about it. Yet such teaching should be done, for the character of our coming citizenship must determine the future of our republic. The America of our children and their children must depend upon the Americanism taught in these days of unrest—these days of transition after the great World War—a war of greater significance, I fear, than the most of us can understand.

Americanism and Americanization.

The word Americanism now coming into so common use with us is rather new to us. It implies the doctrine of American Ideals; and the word Americanization should mean the creating of such ideals in the mind and heart—their elevation as something well worth striving to attain and to practise. And those ideals are the principles of life and government established and bequeathed to us by the Fathers of our Republic.

On Sunday, the last fourth of July, it was my pleasant privilege to listen to an eloquent sermon by the Rev. E. B. Earle, Chaplain of the Veterans' Home at Waupaca, from the text "Remove not the ancient land mark, which thy fathers have set." Mr. Earle's patriotic application of the text to us in these rather critical times was that we should be true to the ideals and form of government established by the founders of our Republic. It was for those ideals that we fought in the Civil War, and which demands our attention and devotion in these later days—especially in the education of our little citizens. Americanism is another name for patriotism; and Americanization means patriotic instruction in its best sense.

A Course of Instruction in Americanism.

I have been led by the reading of reports and suggestions coming to me, as national patriotic instructor, from department patriotic instructors to believe that there should be in every

school a course of study in Americanism—a course not only instructive but inspirational; and of such character as to be used in the grades. Of course, a real, live teacher may do such work now in connection with civics and history. The right kind of teacher *may* do this now, and does, yet it is mostly a matter of choice. We do not do that way in Arithmetic and Geography. We put them into the course of study and say they must be taught; and that the teacher must have passed the examination for fitness to give such instruction. Now, is it not just as important to the Young American in school, and to the state, that he or she become imbued with the American spirit as to learn how to extract the cube root or know the area of the island of Terra del Fuegos?

I have been talking about this matter with some of the practical educators in the office of State Superintendant Cary, and I am disposed to have a bill introduced into the next session of our state legislature requiring the state superintendent to formulate a course of instructions in Americanism for use in our schools. If ever there were conditions demanding definite education in American ideals they exist at the present time. I am speaking in the name of the Grand Army of the Republic, and as a long-time teacher.

Reports of Post Patriotic Instructors.

I have received patriotic reports from ninety-six Posts. About half of them were made out by appointed instructors, the others by Commanders or Adjutants. I am afraid that in many cases the position and work of patriotic instructor are not taken seriously enough. There is truly enough to do, and some instructors are active in every way they can be. In small Posts it is, of course, not easy to find a comrade who feels able and willing to accept the position. But this year some of the larger Posts sent in no reports. I wish hereby heartily to thank those who have responded. Some of the reports are very interesting indeed, showing a good degree of activity. A few of the comrades have interested themselves in the schools, visiting them from time to time and, when asked to do so, giving short talks, which are greatly appreciated by the boys and girls. Comrades who visit the schools when patriotic programs are presented, especially at the memorial season, are delighted with the recep-

tion given them. Our own Post, at Madison, has twenty school buildings to visit. We detail every member to visit some school, parochial as well as public, and at our next meeting listen to the reports brought back. As a rule they are enthusiastic, every comrade being glad he went. Such visits do the teachers and pupils a great deal of good.

Memorial Services Best Ever.

This is the report from the most of the Posts. It seems as if the public is becoming more and more interested in the significance of Memorial Day. As our comrades become fewer in number, and feebler, the citizens in a community feel the responsibility resting upon them for the perpetuation of the beautiful custom of strewing flowers upon the last resting places of the defenders of the Union; and they gladly observe the day with impressive services. And then this year the newly organized American Legion—having made our Memorial Day also their own—have heartily united with us in its observance, for which we thank them. As we are borne one by one out to the silent city we are glad to bequeath to our brave young comrades the sacred traditions of Memorial Day that have been so dear to us. We may be sure that in the years to come, as they think of their dead comrades asleep under the poppies in Flanders Field, they will not forget us.

There's a Difference in the Reports.

I asked that there be sent to me with the reports from Posts copies of programs of Memorial Day exercises and newspaper clippings about the manner of its observance. About half of those reporting sent such programs and clippings, and some wrote me good letters telling about the interest manifested by the people and the schools.

I wish to thank in particular those who sent the programs, clippings and letters. I now have them all attached to the filled-out reports and shall have them bound into a book for our library in Memorial Hall at the Capitol. I wish the people who may look over the book fifty or a hundred years from now to know something of how Memorial Day was observed in the Year of our Lord 1920.

The reports bringing the most clippings came from Fond du Lac. They told about Memorial day in all parts of the county. A good supply of such material came from De Pere. I have been told that the newspapers of one large city did not print a word about Memorial Day—did not have room for such matter! Well, there is a difference in newspaper men.

I feel justified in mentioning the name of our patriotic instructor, Comrade Robert Schmidt, of Sheboygan. He has spoken in several schools of his city, where he seems to be warmly welcomed. I have copies of testimonials of several teachers concerning the interest of the boys and girls in his heartfelt talks upon patriotism and how much our good government has cost us. His is a most commendable spirit. I wish there were more like him.

Patriotism in the South.

I am glad to say that in the most of the southern states laws have been passed against the desecration of the flag. They are much the same as those we have in the North, excepting that some of them include also the Confederate flag. In some of those states the law requires that the flag fly from schools while in session. The department patriotic instructor of Louisiana says that nearly every home in New Orleans had Old Glory out on Flag Day. Let me ask how many of you, Comrades, honored our flag by displaying it from your homes on the 14th day of last June? I suspect we are apt to forget flag days. We should not allow ourselves to bestow less respect upon our flag than the people of the South do.

Comrade Charles R. Haskins of Atlanta, Patriotic Instructor of Georgia, tells me that on Memorial Day the members of his Post went twenty miles up to Marietta, where 11,000 of our Union Soldiers are buried in the national cemetery and there held memorial services, Grand Army men, Confederates, American Legionaries and regular army soldiers all having part in the program. The Gettysburg Address was read by a Confederate veteran who surrendered with Lee's Army at Appomattox. Memorial services at Andersonville are in charge of the Grand Army Post at Fitzgerald, who come 135 miles for that purpose.

Comrade Altenberg of Little Rock, Arkansas, tells us that this year on Memorial Day Confederates and Yanks united in decorating the graves of 8,000 Union soldiers and 5,000 Confederates.

The speaker was an ex-Confederate. Here is a quotation from his letter :

“The Confederates vie with us Yanks in Patriotic movements, and they take part with us in patriotic movements.... We are brothers now, those of us who still live. The *World War* set at rest the Confederate flag day in this Southern country.” Though there is an element in the South that is all the time looking backward, there are progressives more interested in the present and future good of our great Republic. The war is over.”

My Own Work.

It is much the same as it has been in the years that are past. I have had some part in the preparation of the Memorial Day Annual for schools compiled by O. S. Rice of the office of State Superintendent C. P. Cary. Mr. Rice asked me to prepare an article upon Wisconsin soldiers' monuments. Questionnaires were sent to every county clerk, county and city superintendent, and all the Grand Army Posts in the State asking detailed information about soldiers' memorials in every county, with the hope of receiving prompt response. A few were minded to reply at once; yet not enough to make anywhere near a comprehensive article possible. And so a preliminary paper was written with the hope that something better may be done next year. I shall welcome all the information I can get about soldiers' memorials for use in next year's Memorial Day Annual.

LITTLE FLAG BOOK.—Two years ago I compiled what I called “A Little Flag Book.” Many people were writing to me asking various questions about flags, flag customs, etc. As it took no little time to answer all those questions separately by letter, I compiled this little book containing practical information about the flag, so that when such questions came I could send the book in answer to them. I gave it out that all who would like to have this flag book would receive a copy by return mail upon receipt of three cents for postage. I asked for the postage because I thought those who would send it would really make use of the book. I had a thousand copies printed, and there was a large demand for them by Wisconsin teachers, and libraries both in our state and others. This last year “Flag Book No. 2” was printed—1,200 of them—and now the most of them are gone. I expect to compile this year “Flag Book No. 3,” and I am now selecting for it such material as I think will be useful in school

and for other patriotic purposes. The first book had 57 pages, the second 80. I hope to make the third book the best.

SCHOOL TALKS.—As I have found time to do so, I have accepted invitations to visit schools here and there, where I have spoken mostly upon the Evolution and Meaning of our Flag. Also I have spoken at public gatherings, and in churches. This year I have in particular visited and spoken in the schools in Madison, at Racine, Platteville, Lake Mills, Chippewa Falls and Cadott—also in a few country districts. I illustrate the evolution of our flag by the use of a series of flags I carry with me.

School audiences are among the very best, both in attendance and lively interest; and there is where the best patriotic work can be done if one knows just how to speak to boys and girls. When one talks to them to a purpose, he is talking to the future. I have never known the pupils in school to seem more intensely interested in everything of a patriotic nature than during the past year. The talk about Americanism is impressing them. I have asked in some schools that all who were Irish raise their hands, and several would go up; how many Norwegian, and then several others; how many English, Italian, French, etc. When I have asked how many Germans, some hands have gone up, yet not so freely. But when I have said, “Now, how many Americans?” *every* hand would go up and wave energetically. This means that with them the greatest thing of all is to be American.

Conclusion.

Commander and Comrades, I wish that we may, just so long as we live, be every one of us a patriotic instructor. Our example as comrades of the Grand Army means a great deal. If we are as a nation in any one greater danger than another it is that coming from a disregard of law. We may be helpful in the sight of our boys and girls by commending in every way a strict obedience to law. On Memorial Day this year I saw in a certain village a gambling device put where young boys could *try their luck*—and they did it; *on Memorial Day! Contrary to law, and demoralizing!* Let us stand for law as loyally as we stood in battle for our country.

I thank all of you who have done what you could as patriotic instructors, whether appointed as such or not. I thank all who have sent me well prepared reports—especially those with clippings and good letters. Cordially and Fraternally Yours,

Hosea W. Rood.

A TALK WITH TEACHERS

I am speaking to you as Grand Army patriotic instructor for Wisconsin, a position I have now occupied nearly fifteen years. During that time I have had the pleasure of visiting many schools in most parts of the state and speaking to thousands of pupils all the way from the kindergarten to the high school and normal school. From what I have seen I have come to have all faith in wise patriotic instruction as given to our little citizens. I have in mind some teachers in particular who are doing the best kind of such work. I have been delighted with the interest manifested in the history and meaning of our flag, the intelligent answers about the flag, the inspiring singing of patriotic songs, also the apparent good discipline in nearly every school. Nothing is better for the future citizenship of our country than the training of our boys and girls to prompt and willing obedience. I do not mean the obedience coming from forced submission, but as a result of wise training in school. Such training is sensible patriotic instruction—worth more, in fact, than merely singing songs and saluting the flag.

These Are Critical Times.

We have never needed good patriotic instruction both in school and out more than we do now, in these days of unrest. The *great world war* so stirred up economic conditions that many good people are uneasy and uncertain about the future. When in such a state of mind men and women are easily wrought upon by the agitator, who fairly rejoices in such conditions. It is his time to do mischief, and he would like to lead good honest folks into the belief that they would be better off with no government at all than this of ours, the best under which men ever lived. Bolsheviks and every other kind of anarchists are a serious menace to us. It thus becomes the duty of every patriotic citizen to oppose in every practical way the propaganda of every group of men not wholly American. Patriotism is prac-

tically Americanism, for what is good in Americanism is good everywhere on this side of the ocean and on that. What is truly good in Americanism has its sanction in the Golden Rule, and the Golden Rule is world-wide in its application.

The Teacher's Privilege and Responsibility.

No high-school teacher is excusable who does not feel it his moral and civic duty to present to his young people the highest ideals of American Citizenship. This means courage to stand against what is wrong and for what is right in all public affairs, as well as in personal relations with those about us; to keep clean in body, in thought and in word; to be loyal to home, school, church, and country, and to obey the laws of the land. It means a living respect for the Red in our flag, which bids us be brave; for the White, the symbol of Purity; and for the Blue, which means Loyalty. The right kind of teacher will in every practical, sensible way exalt these cardinal virtues in the minds of his or her pupils. Especially will he manifest them in his own life. Now and then a pupil speaks regretfully of certain unfortunate habits of his teacher.

In every grade, from the kindergarten up, our flag may be exalted as the living symbol of everything good in America and not one thing that is bad. Every mean, low, dishonest, unclean performance, whether in public life or private, in school or on the playground, casts a slur upon our flag and degrades citizenship. I said many times during the war to the boys and girls in school that we were, as a republic, in not so great danger from the Hun as from a lack of respect for law right here at home. I knew we could beat the Hun, yet felt, and do now feel, very anxious about the other danger. Our great army of teachers should be just as earnest and faithful in defending law and order here in every community as our brave boys in khaki were when they went over the top, even unto death. If our teachers, while they have the blessed privilege and duty of training our little citizens, do not exalt practical patriotism, they are not doing their duty by the heroes who sleep today under the poppies in Flanders Field. Neither are they honoring as they should the memory of the 359,528 schoolboys and young men who gave their lives in the Civil War for the preservation of the Union. The best way for our

into schools but public libraries both in Wisconsin and several great army of teachers, both in public schools and private, to honor the memory of our heroic dead is to inspire the hearts of our growing boys and girls with the principles for which they gave the last full measure of devotion.

I am feeling, the more I think of these things, their importance, I sincerely wish that all educators may respond heartily to the call for Americanization. It is much easier to cultivate a patriotic spirit in the hearts of our young people than to deal justly with men and women with anarchistic tendencies.

The Flag in School.

For the best of reasons our flag should be in sight in school, and should be understood there, for the school is a training camp for good American citizenship. The survivors of the great army of boys and young men who fought for the preservation of our national unity in the civil war have an intense love for the old banner under which they marched and fought—now an almost dying love—for it is the symbol of all that is good in our government. It is their dying desire that our little citizens be trained to respect and love and defend in every way they can the living principles of justice and freedom of which our beautiful flag is the emblem.

AMERICANIZATION IN SCHOOL

The following is a copy of a paper on this topic read before a meeting in the Capitol of superintendents and school principals of southern Wisconsin. I am putting it here for others to read:—

I am coming to you in behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic to speak upon a subject intensely interesting to me, and, I believe, important to all of us. For the reason that I was nearly four years a boy soldier, a long-time teacher after the war, and, for the past fifteen years have been patriotic instructor of the Grand Army in Wisconsin, I am very much concerned in the teaching of patriotism, which is another word for Americanism, in our schools. I presume I think more about this matter than you do.

I think we may learn something from the Germans. For many years before they entered upon the great World War their government made a business of Prussianizing every boy and girl in their schools; and they succeeded so well that every man and woman of them came to be ready to bow down in worship before him who was the very personification of autocracy. This was not done overnight, but by a course of systematic education from childhood up. Germany is indeed systematic—works with a definite purpose—and so in what she undertakes brings about wonderful results.

Every one of us who is a real American desires nothing better for our country than that our boys and girls may become in their manhood and womanhood one hundred per cent Americans—intelligent, loyal, upright citizens; men and women who will know what Americanism means, and are inspired with American ideals. We do not wish them to bow down and worship any one but the God of all nations. What we do desire is that they stand erect as free and loyal subjects of our Republic.

During the last three years we have caught up and are freely using what had not before been with us a very common word—Americanism. It has come to slip glibly off the tongue and from

the point of the pen. I fear, however, that if I should ask you schoolmasters before me to give offhand a direct definition of the term the most of you would ask for some time in which to think about it before answering. Is there not a chance for the word to become with us mere cant—handy to use, yet not meaning very much? It is too good a word thus to be taken in vain.

We may all agree that our boys and girls, especially the foreign born, should be Americanized; but is it not best, first of all, to undertake to teach them what Americanism is—what American ideals are, or should be? Can this be done with no definite plan? Should it be left to teachers as they may be moved to do so, and in a haphazard manner? Or should there be prepared for all our little citizens in the grades, by a person or persons well qualified in both head and heart to do so, a simple, sensible course of instruction to become as much a part of the school curriculum as geography and language? Let me ask every one of you whose blood is red and lively, who has a broad view of the demands of the present time and conditions, to think seriously upon this matter.

As national patriotic instructor of the Grand Army during the past year I wrote to every state superintendent upon this subject. I have received responses from several of them, and am surprised that so many of them favor some such plan. Now I am disposed to have introduced into our legislature the coming winter a bill requiring our state superintendent to formulate a course of instruction in Americanism for our schools, such as may be used in the grades, as far down, at least, as the fifth and sixth. It is after much thought and some advice that I have decided to do this. I shall be glad of the opinion of any of you upon the subject, with suggestions as to what such a course should contain.

Think of the thousands of children from abroad in our country, whose parents cannot speak a word of our language; who are entirely ignorant of what it means to be an American. And there are more a-coming. Must they learn from the streets, or may they receive definite training in our schools? Shall their Americanization be of the haphazard sort, or simple, direct and definite? Can we afford to allow them to become recruits of the disturbing army of *isms*? We would better do our best to guard against every such tendency.

What May be Done, if—

I have been told by some that all this may be taught in classes in civics and history, if teachers are minded to do so, without its being made a definite part of an overloaded course of study. But pupils as far down as the fifth and sixth grades do not study civics and history. If teachers are *disposed* to teach it along with civics and history they may do so. To be sure they may if they will, and, I am glad to say, some of them are so minded; yet they have no line of instruction laid out for them—no system. We do not say that concerning Arithmetic and Geography. We say these must be taught and we provide textbooks for that purpose, requiring also that before a person becomes a teacher he or she must be examined as to fitness for the work. Is it any more important for a pupil to know how to extract the cube root or learn the number of square miles in Madagascar than to be taught what it means to be an American, what are and should be the civic ideals of our boys and girls growing up into citizenship?

We should not forget for a day in home, church or school that in dealing with our boys and girls we are dealing with the citizenship of our country, ten, twenty, fifty years from now. We are indeed standing on holy ground.

THE FLAG NUMBER OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

The October number of this great magazine, in 1917, was a Flag Number. It was wholly devoted to flags of the leading nations of the world. In it there are the pictures and descriptions of 1,197 flags in their accurate colors and designs. And there are many pages of interesting flag literature. From those pages I am making the following quotations:

“Flags symbolize the noble aspirations and glorious achievements of the human race; they epitomize the romance of history; they incarnate the chivalry of the ages.

“Their origin is divinity itself; for when, at the beginning of recorded time, Jehovah made a covenant with man, promising that never again would he send the waters to cover the face of the earth and destroy all flesh, he unfurled the first flag—the

multicolored banner of the rainbow—which he set in the clouds as a symbol of security and an assurance to all future generations of his watchful care.

“And since that day man has, in his finite way, employed his earthly banners as emblems of faith, of hope and of high resolve.

“Around the bits of varicolored bunting which the people of each land nominate as a national flag, there cluster thoughts of loyalty, of patriotism, and of personal sacrifice which have enabled the world to move forward, from the days when each individual struggled for himself alone, like other wild animals of plain and mountain side, until, through community of interests and unity of effort, mankind has been enabled to rear the splendid structure of twentieth century civilization.

“When the savage began to emerge from his isolation and took the first steps toward becoming a social creature, profiting by association and cooperation with his fellow human beings, one of his first needs was a sign or symbol whereby he could distinguish, during primitive battles, between creatures of his own tribe or family and those of enemy tribes. A peculiar type of club, a splotch of colored clay on the body of the warrior, and later some rude devices on his clumsy shield served for the time the purpose of insignia. Eventually these bits of wood, bodily ornamentation, and shield signs were replaced by the skins of animals attached to poles so that they might be held high in air and recognized at a distance. From such crude beginnings it is easy to trace the evolution of the flags of civilized man.

“Today, while it is true that we are thinking of the flags of our own and of other nations in sanguinary strife, these emblems of armies and navies have a deep and noble significance far removed from their use in leading men to battle.

An Inspiration to Personal Sacrifice.

“The flag epitomizes for an army the high principles for which it strives in battle. Were it not for the high ideals which it keeps ever before the soldier he would be bestialized by slaughter. It keeps men’s motives lofty even in mortal combat, making them forgetful of personal gain and of personal revenge, but eager for personal sacrifice in the cause of the country they serve.

“In the present world struggle in which the United States of America is now engaged, we of this land hold to the ideals represented in the history and the promise of the Stars and Stripes—

the ideals of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness safeguarded for all mankind.

“And though many must fall in the achievement of those ideals, a noble and imperishable good must endure as a monument to their sacrifice. History can bestow upon such soldiers no higher encomium than that of Defenders of the Flag.

The Significance of Our Colors.

“America’s most gifted poets and orators have vied with one another in setting forth the significance of the red, the white and the blue of the Star Spangled Banner. In the words of Henry Ward Beecher :

“ ‘A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation’s flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belong to the nation that sets it forth. The American flag has been a symbol of Liberty, and men have rejoiced in it.

“ ‘The stars upon it were like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no embattled castles or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of Dawn.’

Biblical Origin of the Red, White, and Blue.

“Charles W. Stewart, superintendent of naval records and library of the United States Navy Department, to whom the GEOGRAPHIC is indebted for helpful advice and criticism in the compilation of the data published in this number of the magazine, advances the following theory of the origin of the colors employed in the national ensign :

“ ‘The flag may trace its ancestry back to Mount Sinai, whence the Lord gave to Moses the Ten Commandments and the book of the law, which testify of God’s will and man’s duty; and were deposited in the Ark of the Covenant within the Tabernacle,

whose curtains were blue, purple, scarlet and fine twined linen.

“ ‘Before the ark stood the table of shew-bread, with its cloth of blue, scarlet and white. These colors of the Jewish Church were taken over by the early Western Church for its own and given to all the nations of western Europe for their flags. When the United States chose their flag it was of the colors of the old, but new in arrangement and design.

“ ‘Our flag is of the colors red, white, and blue. Red is for courage, zeal, fervency; white is for purity, cleanness of life, and rectitude of conduct; blue is for loyalty, devotion, friendship, justice and truth. The star is an ancient symbol of India, Persia, Egypt, and signifies dominion and sovereignty.’

The Call of the Flag.

“Hon. Frederick C. Hicks, in the House of Representatives on Flag Day, June 14, 1917, thus portrayed the meaning of the national ensign.”

“ ‘The flag of America does more than proclaim mere power or acclaim a great and glorious history. Its folds wave a benediction to the yesterdays of accomplishment and beckon the tomorrows of progress with hope and confidence; it heralds the noble purpose of a mighty people and carries a message of hope and inspiration to all mankind. Its glowing splendor appeals to us to demand international arbitration; it commands us to self-sacrifice, which alone can maintain equality of rights and fullness of opportunity in our republic.

“ ‘Its stars and stripes voice the spirit of America calling to a nation of indomitable courage and infinite possibilities to live the tenets of Christianity, to teach the gospel of work and usefulness, to advance education, to demand purity of thought and action in public life, and to protect the liberties of free government from the aggression of despotic power. This is the call of the flag of the Union in this hour of crisis and turmoil, when civilization and the laws of nations, and of humanity are being engulfed in the maelstrom of death and destruction’.

President Wilson, in a Flag Day address said:

“ ‘This flag, which we honor and under which we serve, is the emblem of our unity, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts which execute those choices whether

in peace or war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us—it speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us, and of the records they wrote upon it.

“ ‘We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people. We are about to carry it into battle, to lift it where it will draw the fire of our enemies. We are about to bid thousands of thousands, it may be millions, of our men—the young, the strong, the capable of the nation—to go forth and die beneath it on fields of blood far away.

“ ‘Woe be to the man or group of men, that seek to stand in our way in this day of high resolution, when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made secure for the salvation of the nations. We are ready to plead at the bar of history, and our flag shall wear a new luster. Once more we shall make good with our lives and our fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people’ ”.

THE CONCRETE MEANING OF OUR FLAG

While we are talking so much about our flag and Americanism let us be careful that what we say does not become mere “cant”.

My dictionary tells me that this not-very-good word comes from “chant, singing, in allusion to the whining tone of beggars”. It has come to mean an affected sing-song mode of speaking, and is applied to stock phrases or peculiarities of speech of any sect or class, especially religious phraseology used insincerely.

Now, may this not mean, also, patriotic talk just for the sake of appearing patriotic, yet without its meaning very much—just as now and then a person uses pious expressions just for the sake of appearing pious?

When it is the fashion to say patriotic things about the flag and Americanism, there is some danger that such language may degenerate into mere *cant*. Since all sensible people despise cant, whether religious or patriotic, the use of it tends to bring

something akin to contempt upon the principles so insincerely professed, however good it may be of itself.

Above all things let us pray to be delivered from flag cant, for it is flag desecration. In this connection it is well worth while to consider the concrete significance of our flag—its stars, and stripes, and colors.

The Stripes on Our Flag.

The Stripes were put upon our flag by the colonists. Just who of them did it we can never know. History tells us that while every colony had its own flag they had none in common. At first, they did not want such a flag, for the colonies were quite separate in origin and purpose. Yet when they found themselves treated unfairly by the country whence the most of them came they found that in order to maintain the liberty they had been in the habit of enjoying they must act together—do team work. And some one, no matter now who, proposed that they have a common banner. Accordingly, a flag came into use with thirteen stripes—a stripe for each colony—easily made by putting six white stripes upon the red merchant-ship flag of England. There was put, also, upon this new flag a rattlesnake over the words, “Do not tread on me.” It meant, of course, that the thirteen colonies thus symbolized would stand shoulder to shoulder in self-defense and would not be trodden upon. The banner thus flung upon the breeze foretold the formation of our Union and its glorious career from then until now.

These stripes were thus put upon our flag by the colony people before there was a United States. They could not then by any reaching out of prophetic imagination see the greatness to which the union of those thirteen colonies would come. They fought with faith and courage for freedom in their day, and now we are the proud citizens of the great Republic for which they in their courage laid the foundation. Unknowingly they served us, and having done so, passed away with no stone to mark the place of their rest. Yet they left us a memorial more noble, more enduring than marble or granite—the stripes on the flag always waving over us. Every time we look upon them it becomes us to think with gratitude of the colony days, and the colony people who builded for us far better than they knew.

We shall do well to honor their memory by doing something worth while for those who are to live after us. It is for us to honor the stripes they put upon our flag. Whatever there may be in well sounding stock phrases, there is no cant in patriotic living.

The Stars in Our Flag.

It is rather uncertain to whom belongs the credit for putting the first thirteen stars on our flag. Every child in school will tell us it was Betty Ross. The story of the making of our first flag by Mrs. Ross is a pretty one, whether it is history, or tradition, or myth.

The account given in Preble's History of the Flag of the United States, pages 165-6, makes Betty a historic character, yet the iconoclast is after her, whether we like it or not. The people of Rhode Island claim that the stars were taken from their flag of the Revolution, which had in its canton thirteen stars. No one can tell us for certain whence congress got the idea, from Betty's flag or that of Rhode Island, when, on the 14th day of June, 1777, this action was taken:—

“Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation.

The stars and stripes had been used before. It was this resolution that legally adopted them”.

The thirteen states were not very large, and our Nation was, to begin with, rather small; yet it was healthy. Finding itself free it began to grow and grow, until it spread from ocean to ocean and out to the islands of the sea—all this in a century and a third of freedom. A wonderful growth it was—all healthy and natural, no conquest by force of arms. And it not only grew bigger and bigger but better and better in all that makes a nation great and prosperous—economically, commercially, educationally, and, I think I may say, spiritually. It is not necessary here to do more than mention our growth in all that makes for greatness in a nation. Not that we are without faults, but that we recognize them and are doing what we can to get rid of them.

Our national growth is indicated by the number of stars on our flag—all the way from thirteen to forty-eight—and at

least two more a-coming. If we are truly patriotic we shall do our best that this growth toward better things—with higher ideals—continues. When we look upon the stars of our flag and think of Betty's thirteen, we shall, if we are truly progressive and patriotic, do what we can to promote the growth of our country, if not in bigness, in civic and moral betterment. Our flag says to us through its stars, "Think of the wonderful growth of our country in everything that is worth while, and keep it a-going!"

The Colors in Our Flag.

THE RED.—From the days of heraldry red has been the color of *Courage*. In war it urged us into the battle front and bade us be brave. Though we are not now in war, and hope we may not again be drawn into it, there are yet many evil things to fight. Though as a government we have high ideals and are aiming toward civic righteousness, we do have among us bad men, and some women not so good as they should be. Compared with the whole this class of people is small, yet their influence is hard to combat. Our courts are busy every day. Not all of us are called upon thus to deal with wickedness, yet it is incumbent upon all of us to do what we can to overcome what is bad. We should be brave enough to stand all the time and everywhere against what is wrong and for what is right, at the ballot box, in society, and in positions of public or private trust. To do this requires moral courage. The red in our flag bids us be brave. Is it too much to say that our patriotism is measured by our courage?

THE WHITE.—The white in our flag is the emblem of purity. It stands for all that is clean in motive, in habit and in character. Is it too much to say that it bids us be clean in person and in language? He who is unclean in thought, language or practice and yet speaks, even eloquently, about our glorious flag talks cant, and throws discredit upon the visible token of all that is good and true and pure in both the individual and the government of which he is a part, and for not one thing that is bad. Without clean boys and girls we cannot, when they grow up, have a clean citizenship. It becomes every truly patriotic man and woman to set a clean example for our little citizens. Men have no business to tell vile stories before boys, thus to corrupt them. One of the best tributes I have ever heard to a Grand

Army comrade was given to him as his flower-covered casket was just about to be consigned to the bosom of mother earth, when it was said that he was never heard to use language that he could not properly use in a lady's parlor. He cannot have much respect for the white in his flag who is in favor of a double standard of morals—an unclean one for men, yet requiring that women be pure. Practical patriotism most certainly means purity, cleanness, of life and character.

THE BLUE.—The blue in our national banner means loyalty, truth, justice. He is no patriot, does not honor our flag, who practices double dealing; who does not undertake to be honest, upright and true. No profiteer may rightly claim to be a patriot. People of this sort were a sad discredit to our country during the world war, and they are always a discredit. They presented a sad contrast to the brave, loyal young men who put their lives upon the altar of devoted service for the cause of civic righteousness during that war, thousands of them going over the top to their death, others to come home wrecked in body in token of their courageous loyalty. They are in sad contrast to the brave old boys in blue who by their loyal devotion to our country made possible the present prosperity upon which the greedy profiteer could feed himself fat.

Loyalty in these days of peace means obedience to law. No man who evades the law of the land for the sake of profit, or what he is pleased to call personal liberty, honors the blue in our flag. Whatever he may say in pretending to do so is cant—hypocritical. He is anything but true-blue. The patriot does not go a-fishing or hunting contrary to law. He does not gamble in any way. He does not have to watch for the game warden or the policeman. His example in all these things is safe for our little citizens to follow.

Loyalty begins at home. One who is not loyal to his home—to those of his own household—is not a desirable citizen. One who is not loyal to his own community and its affairs is not at all likely to be loyal to the larger community, the state, the nation. Patriotism begins at home. Boys and girls allowed to be lawless at home and in the community will be lawless everywhere. All this the blue in our flag demands. It is practical patriotism.

The Voice of Our Flag.

To him who can hear well our flag floating up yonder, hanging

on the walls of our homes or schoolrooms, wherever it is, speaks to us. Its Stripes bid us remember the Colony days, and the brave people who in their love of liberty laid for us the foundations of our great government; and they urge us to maintain honestly, earnestly and fearlessly the principles of liberty, made safe by law, as they bequeathed them to us.

Its Stars call upon us to consider the wonderful growth of our country from thirteen states and stars to our present forty-eight: growth in territory rich in resources, and beautiful, withal, yet better still in what is good economically, educationally, fraternally and morally. They plead with us to make still greater progress in all that makes for true national greatness.

Its Red bids us be brave and courageous, conquering what is bad, strengthening what is good, for "righteousness exalteth a nation."

Its White bids us be clean in motive and manner, pure in thought and purpose, clean in language and behavior.

Its Blue says to us all the time, "Be loyal, be true, be honest and law abiding, in all your relations with one another and your country. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

OLD ABE, THE WISCONSIN WAR EAGLE

Very closely connected with our Wisconsin battle flags is the story of Old Abe, the Wisconsin war eagle. So many questions are asked about him that I think it worth while to reprint the account of the famous old bird as it has twice been given in the Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual—in 1904 and 1918. Much that has been said about him contains more or less fiction. The story as here told conforms to facts as I have myself heard them from those who personally knew Old Abe himself.

Mrs. McCann Tells her Story.

In the early spring of 1861, some Indians, as was their custom, went up the Flambeau river to make maple sugar. While thus engaged in the heavy timber of Price county they found an eagle's nest in a tall pine tree. There is some difference of opinion as to just where that pine tree stood. If Chief Sky, the young

Indian who got a baby eagle out of that nest, were here I presume he could tell us all about it, but he is now, I trust, in the happy hunting grounds where all good Indians go. I do not suppose it makes much difference, anyhow. One thing, however, is certain: On their way down the river Chief Sky and some of the other Indians stopped one April day at the pioneer home of Daniel McCann at Jim Falls, about ten miles up the river from Chippewa Falls, and wanted to sell the little eagle to Mrs. McCann. One day in June, 1903, I had the pleasure of visiting Mrs. McCann at her home in Chippewa Falls. Though she was then eighty-three years old, her memory was still good, and she told me this story about the bird that, all unguessed by her, was to become so famous:

"Yes," said she, "I think it was along in April when Chief Sky and some of his friends stopped at our house at Jim Falls and wanted to sell me a young bird they called an eagle. He was not then old enough to fly. I told them I believed it was a young crow, but they declared it was an eagle. I said I had no use for him, yet they were quite anxious to make a trade. At last I told them I would give them a bag of corn standing by the door—about a bushel of it, I guess. That satisfied them, so they took the corn and left the bird. As he could not yet fly it was not much trouble to keep him. It was not long, though, before he got so he could use his wings a little, and then he'd bother us about getting away. Sometimes he'd get clear down below the Falls, as much as a half a mile from the house; and the children would have to keep running after him to keep him from getting away for good. He got to be ugly, too, and we had to tie him up.

"After a while he came to be so much of a plague that we made up our minds to get rid of him in some way. My husband took him down to Chippewa Falls and tried to sell him to some soldiers that were going to the war; but they did not seem to care for him. After that he took him down to Eau Claire, and he was bought for a company of soldiers there. I never saw him again. I have heard that they carried him into battle, and that folks ever since then have made a great fuss over him."

This is Mrs. McCann's story. I am glad to have heard her tell it. She was born in Manitoba on New Years day, 1820. After her marriage she came to the Chippewa country to live. She died at Chippewa Falls November 9, 1903.

The Young Bird Gets Into the Army.

At Eau Claire Captain John E. Perkins was raising a company of soldiers for the Civil War. The company had been named the Eau Claire Badgers. When Mr. McCann brought the young eagle there Captain Perkins' boys were greatly interested in the bird. Some of them thought it would be a fine thing to enlist him in the company and carry him with them to war. And so upon payment of five dollars he came to be a member of that company. In his honor the name of the company was changed from the "Eau Claire Badgers" to the "Eau Claire Eagles."

On the 6th of September Captain Perkins and his company started for Camp Randall, at Madison. They went upon a little steamboat down the Chippewa and Mississippi rivers to La Crosse, and from there by rail to Madison. It is said that at LaCrosse a gentleman offered two hundred dollars for the eagle, but Captain Perkins told him the men would not sell their pet. They had begun to think a great deal of him, and he was rising in value. First, bought for a bushel of corn, then for five dollars, and now worth more than two hundred dollars! What do you suppose good Mrs. McCann thought when she heard of that?

When this Eau Claire company arrived at Madison and marched from the station along the streets out to Camp Randall it attracted a great deal of attention, all on account of the young eagle. I have heard it said that when the men passed through the gate into camp he, seeming to feel the importance of the occasion, did something that stirred the heart of every man with patriotic pride: with his beak he seized one corner of the flag floating over him, spread wide his wings and kept them flapping, flapping, while the company marched across camp to report at headquarters.

Named "Old Abe".

By common consent the eagle, though only about six months old, came to be called "Old Abe," after our good president, Abraham Lincoln. Thousands of people, some of them distinguished men and women, came to camp in those days to see the soldiers, and they found there nothing more attractive and interesting than Old Abe. The Eau Claire Eagles was made to be Company C of the Eighth Wisconsin infantry, which soon came to be known as the Eagle Regiment.

A handsome perch was made for Old Abe to stand upon. It was in the form of a shield, and fashioned like a slanting platform on the top of a six-foot staff. Six inches above the shield there was a cross-piece for the perch. On this shield the stars and stripes were painted, also "8th Regt. W. V." A man was detailed to take special care of the bird and to carry him on the march. He wore a belt to which a socket was attached. Into this socket he set the staff and held it erect with his right hand. In this way Old Abe was lifted into plain sight above the heads of the men. His place in the line of march was in the center of the regiment and alongside the colors. He and his perch made quite a load for the man who carried him.

The Regiment Goes South.

On the 12th of October, 1861, the Eagle Regiment left Camp Randall for service in the South. At every stopping place Old Abe was quite a curiosity. When the regiment marched through the streets of Chicago, from one railway station to another, the one Eagle attracted more attention than the thousand Badgers. All the newspapers printed something about the Wisconsin Eagle that was going to the war.

When the Eighth arrived in St. Louis some of the southern folks there tried to make fun of Old Abe by calling him a *crow*, a *goose*, and a *turkey buzzard*. He seemed to like neither the names nor the people. He stooped, spread his wings, made a spring and broke his cord, flew over the heads of the people, flapping off several caps and bonnets with his wings, then flew to the top of the chimney of an aristocratic mansion, whence he looked down with seeming contempt upon the crowd below—as if he would say, "You see I am neither crow, goose nor buzzard, but the American liberty bird himself!" His sudden dash for freedom created no small stir among the soldiers, especially Company C. They began to fear that he liked liberty too well to stay with them. But after a half hour of sight-seeing he came down and was easily caught by one of the men.

A gentleman in St. Louis offered five hundred dollars for old Abe, but Captain Perkins gave his ready-made answer, "no money can buy him." It is said that some time after this a man offered a valuable farm for him, yet all to no purpose. He was, you see, all the time rising in value. If Mrs. McCann

up in her little home at Jim Falls could only have known what a prize bird she had got from Chief Sky for that bushel of corn!

Life in Camp.

From St. Louis the Eagle Regiment marched away to do almost four years of hard service for the Union. It was in thirty-eight battles and skirmishes, and Abe was in nearly every one of them. Wherever the men went, he went. He was their daily companion in camp, on the march, and in the thick of the fight. He came to know personally every man in his own company and many others in the regiment. He knew, also, his regiment and its flag from all others, and came to be strangely attached to the men he was with every day; and they were not only proud of him but loved him. When they were not on duty they spent much time in teaching him all kinds of tricks, until he came to be a pretty well educated bird. I am told that for some men he took a particular liking, while for certain others he would have very little to do. I guess that most animals have a pretty sure way of their own for the study of human nature. Now and then a man with a rather poor notion of good fun would torment Abe until he was angry. The bird would not forget such treatment, and sometimes when he could get at a fellow with so mean a spirit he would pay him off with good interest. His hooked beak and sharp claws more than once taught such a person to respect him. Nearly every man in the regiment would share his ration with Abe. There were times when both he and his comrades had to go hungry. Whenever the boys went foraging for provisions they took pains to find a bit of fresh meat of some kind for him, as he could not very well feed on hardtack, bacon and coffee.

Another Pet in the Regiment.

There was another regimental pet, a dog named Frank that had joined the Eighth at Madison. Old Abe took a liking to Frank—and for a very good reason. Frank was a good hunter. He spent a part of his time scurrying through the woods here and there, and sometimes he brought in a squirrel or a rabbit. This game generally went to Abe. Whenever he heard Frank barking in the woods he showed a lively interest in every sound

coming from that direction, and was delighted when the hunt had been successful.

Old Abe's Keepers.

During the war Old Abe had from time to time six different keepers. However he might regard other men, he was always on good terms with those who cared for him. Comrades who served in the regiment tell me that he had a particular liking for Edward Homiston, his bearer from October, 1862, to September, 1863. Ed had been reared in the mountains of Vermont, and had as a boy studied eagles as he saw them wild and free. Ed and Abe were like brothers and understood each other well. John M. Williams, a member of company H. of the Eighth, wrote an interesting history of his regiment. On page 52 he says:

“Mr. Homiston translates the eagle's idiom into English. He found Abe to vary his tones according to his emotions. When surprised he whistled a wild melody toned to a melancholy softness; when hovering over his food he gave a spiteful chuckle; when pleased to see an old friend he said, in plaintive cooing, ‘How do you do?’ In battle his scream was wild and commanding five or six notes in succession—with a most startling thrill that was perfectly inspiring to the soldiers.”

Old Abe and his Cord.

Old Abe's daily degree of freedom in camp was as much as he could get out of thirty feet of cord, one end of which was tied to a leather ring around his leg, the other fastened to his perch. While on the march or in battle he was allowed only about three feet of this cord. He sometimes longed for larger liberty and, having a spite against the cord that held him, would keep biting at it with his strong, hooked beak until it was nearly cut in two. Then with a sudden spring he would break loose. Comrade Williams, of whom I have spoken, told me that once he thus broke away just as the regiment was starting on a march. He flew up in the air and then around and around—everybody was excited. Many of the men left the ranks, running here and there where they thought he would alight, so as to catch him. Some of them went into the woods a mile away, thinking he might come down among the trees. Ed Homiston, his keeper, persuaded the rest of the men to keep quiet and let

him manage the capture. He had the regimental flag placed by his perch where Old Abe could see it, and he sat down there and waited. Having enjoyed an hour of free exercise, the runaway—flyaway, perhaps I would better say—quietly dropped down to his perch beside the flag. After Ed had fastened his cord, all was ready for the march to Memphis.

A Mean Trick.

Comrade Williams tells me that during the summer of 1862 the Eagle needed no rope to keep him from flying away, as some one had secretly clipped his tail feathers and those of one wing. The men were indignant because of this mean trick. Could they have found out who did it they would have made life a burden for him until Old Abe's feathers had grown out to full length again. The glory of the eagle is to fly higher and more boldly into the free air of heaven than any other bird. This, I suspect, is why he is called the "liberty bird". I do not wonder that every true soldier of the Eighth was indignant because the bird of which they were so proud had thus been robbed of his glory. Spirit, energy, love of freedom, are all of too great value to destroy in either boy, man or bird of freedom just for the sake of holding him down.

A Bit of Fiction.

In some of the published stories about Old Abe he is said to have had his freedom in certain battles, especially at Corinth, and that he would fly above the clouds of smoke, screaming as if to urge the men below him to greater deeds of daring. This sounds well, and is the very part of the story boys like best and are apt to remember longest. Captain Dawes who commanded a company of the Eighth, once wrote a story of Old Abe in which he said that at the battle of Corinth a bullet cut the cord that held him; that he flew high over the battle, and that the men feared he would not come back; yet that before long he came swooping down to his perch again. Captain Dawes said that he himself saw all this. Yet I have heard other members of the regiment say that he never flew higher in battle than the length of his cord, and then he was quickly drawn back to his place. In some ways this is like a few other battle stories I have heard. The man in the thick of the fight, his face to the front, can give

but little attention to what others are doing. He has all he can attend to just where he is himself. This is why men who are really truthful differ so much in their stories about the same battle.

In the Thick of the Fight.

Old Abe was, however, carried right into the thick of many a heavy battle. He seemed as well as the men to understand the danger there. He often trembled—looked anxiously this way and that as the battle raged back and forth. Yet when the combat became fierce he, like the men who were fighting, seemed to forget the danger. As the bullets began to fly thick and fast and shells to burst all around him he would scream terrifically. He would stand by a cannon as it was being fired, and seemed to delight in the rattle of musketry. Army correspondents in those days wrote many things about Old Abe's conduct in battle. It was something everybody, especially Wisconsin folks, delighted to read. Colonel Jefferson, commander of the Eighth at Corinth, said, "In battle he was almost constantly flapping his wings—his mouth wide open—and many a time screamed with wild enthusiasm."

Though the Confederates showed so much contempt for Old Abe by calling him Yankee Buzzard and other names that were not nice, they were particularly anxious to capture him. They would rather get him than a whole regiment without him. Their officers gave them orders either to kill the buzzard or catch him. They knew well that the Eighth would fight harder with the eagle and for him than without him. The Confederate General Price told his men that he would rather capture the Eagle than a whole brigade of men or a dozen battle flags. But the boys of the gallant Eighth were determined not to let the enemy get their pet bird. Though they often fought to the death for their colors, they would have battled yet more valiantly for their eagle. He meant to them just as much as their flag—perhaps more.

Old Abe Salutes our Flag.

Though I have heard and read many interesting stories about the war eagle in camp and battle, I cannot take the space for more of them here. I saw him myself but once during the war. One day early in December, 1862, my regiment, the Twelfth

Wisconsin, was marching toward the front in a skirmish near Waterford, Mississippi. The Eighth was in line alongside the road. As we came near, one of our boys said, "This is the Eighth Wisconsin, and there is their eagle close by the flag." As we approached Old Abe was standing quietly on his perch, but when our flag came in front of him he arose to his full height, spread his broad wings and flapped them three or four times, after which he settled down and watched us march by. It is a real pleasure to me now, fifty-eight years after, to have seen Old Abe thus salute Old Glory that day down in Mississippi. No school girl in Wisconsin could salute the flag in a more graceful manner than Old Abe did. Both the eagle and our flag came to be cherished relics in our state capitol.

On Veteran Furlough.

In the early part of January, 1864, a majority of the men of the Eighth reenlisted for another three years of service—if needed that long. Old Abe reenlisted, too. The government granted to every one who thus pledged continued service a furlough of thirty days to go home and see his friends. You may think Old Abe had no home folks to visit, yet the reenlisted veterans brought him with them to Eau Claire. Everbody there and all along the route he traveled was his friend. He had come to be a veteran and all who saw him gave him as much attention as if he had been a general.

The Color Guard in Special Danger.

While these veterans were home the men at the front were in two battles; and Old Abe missed them. In battle the color bearers of a regiment are in greater danger than other men in the line. The enemy is apt to direct his fire upon the flags in front of him, and the men carrying them are in special danger. The sharpest fighting takes place around the battle flags, for he who captures a flag gets great credit for it. Most color-bearers will die before giving up their flags. Old Abe was carried in battle alongside his regimental colors. He knew nothing better than the stars and stripes. They waved above him on the march and in the smoke of battle. The Confederates sent shot and shell at the colors until they were torn and battle-scarred. The sharpshooters took special aim at the men who bore them, yet they

tried in particular to hit Old Abe and whoever bore him alongside Old Glory. For all this, however, but one of the six brave fellows who carried him at different times during the war was even wounded. One of them died of disease. Two or three times bullets cut Old Abe's feathers. One of them drew a bit of blood from his right wing, and this little wound so annoyed him that in his own language, he scolded and fretted about it. It seems to me that the God of freedom must have watched with peculiar care over this liberty bird and his gallant bearers.

Old Abe Comes Home—Given to the State.

Well, in three years the term of service of the men of the Eighth who had not reenlisted came to an end, and they were discharged and sent home; and it was thought best to send Old Abe with them. Then there arose the question. "Where in Wisconsin shall be his home?" Some of the men were in favor of giving him to Eau Claire county. Others declared that he had come to belong to all of Wisconsin, and that he should be presented by the regiment to the state. And there were yet others who held that, as his reputation had come to be nation-wide, he should be sent to Washington. A vote was taken and it was decided that Old Abe should be given into the care of the state. And so it came about that on the 26th day of September, 1864, Captain Victor Wolf of Company C. of the Eighth—Captain Perkins had died of wounds—formally presented to the state of Wisconsin its famous war eagle, Old Abe. Captain Wolf said, in addressing the Governor at the Capitol, that Abe had been a good soldier—had never flinched in battle nor shirked duty in camp; that Company C had been proud of him, had taken good care of him, and that he hoped the state would do as well by him. Governor Lewis, in behalf of the state, received Old Abe, assuring Captain Wolf that all Wisconsin would ever be proud of the soldier bird and give him the best of care.

A large room in the basement of the Capitol was fitted up as a home for Old Abe, and a man was appointed to be his keeper and to care for him. Everything was done for his comfort. A pole was fastened to the tops of two posts in the park, and on pleasant days he was kept there in the open air. There he was visited by thousands of people from all parts of the country. Everybody seemed to know about him. Stories and verses were written about him, and some of them got into the school readers

of those days. In this way the boys and girls in school came to know something of the story of Old Abe, the Wisconsin soldier-bird.

Old Abe Taken to Great Patriotic Gatherings.

For some years after the war the famous bird was carried to many great gatherings in the United States. There he was a greater attraction than any other. Men, women and children would gather around him, gaze upon him, and ask all sorts of questions about him. Though a famous bird in the war, he came to be a great deal more so in time of peace. He was taken to celebrations, fairs, monument dedications and reunions in Chicago, Milwaukee, Peoria, Philadelphia, Boston and other cities. He was at the Centennial in Philadelphia and at a great fair in Boston nearly three months. I am told that in some cases five dollars were paid for single feathers that had dropped from his wings. One of his keepers said that many a time he could have got ten dollars for a feather if he would pluck it from his wing. But Old Abe's feathers were not for sale for even more than that. Once a wealthy man offered \$10,000 for the whole bird, feathers and all; and P. T. Barnum, the great showman, went so far as to offer \$20,000 for him. But Old Abe had got away above the value of gold.

Again I must say, I wonder what Mrs. McCann up in her little log cabin could have thought had she heard how the eagle had risen in value—a bushel of corn, five dollars, two hundred dollars, five hundred dollars, a valuable farm, \$10,000, \$20,000!

Remembered his Friends.

Several persons have told me stories about Old Abe when he lived at the Capitol. I will write down two of them. The first was told by an old lady who had lived long in Madison, the wife of a soldier of the Twenty-third Wisconsin.

“One day about five years after the war I was standing on the street corner over there by the jewelry store when I heard a man say to three or four companions, ‘Say, boys, let’s go over to the Capitol and see Old Abe, the war eagle. I was in the army with him, and I haven’t seen him since the war. Come on, boys!’

“I thought I would like to see this man meet his old feathered comrade, so I walked quickly around another way to where the

bird sat on his perch near the building. As the men came along they got sight of him before he saw them. The soldier gave a peculiar whistle, at which Old Abe, quick as a flash, straightened himself up and listened intently. The man gave the whistle again, and the bird became excited. He looked all about to see where that whistle came from. His eye was bright, his head erect, and he seemed all expectation. Just then the men walked up before him. He recognized at once the man who had whistled and plainly manifested his satisfaction. The soldier too was delighted—glad to find that his feathered comrade had not forgotten him. When he went up close Old Abe put his head beside his face and seemed as pleased as a young kitten to be fondled and petted. This token of affection touched the soldier's heart. He put his arms around Old Abe, and tears came into his eyes. 'Boys,' said he, 'I would not have missed this for a hundred dollars!' "

John and Mary and Old Abe.

The other story was told to me by an old veteran of the Eighth. "Old Abe," said he, "was a bird of no little dignity of character. He did not like to be trifled with. If a person fooled with him in the army he showed displeasure.

"One day while he was yet alive at the Capitol I came to Madison, and as usual, went over to call upon him. He was standing on his pole in the park. John and Mary, a young couple from the country, had come in that day with an excursion party. They got a bag of peanuts and a stick of gum and were having a big time. They came along the walk to Old Abe and stopped to take a look at him. He did not pay much attention to them, for he was used to seeing every day such young couples as they. As they stood before him Mary began to strike at his beak with the end of her scarf. Abe stepped quietly along on his pole to get out of her reach. I could see by his eye, however, that he felt annoyed at the liberties she was taking. The pert young miss followed him, still flirting her scarf in his eyes. Abe kept backing up, yet began uttering sharp, spiteful notes of warning. This pleased Mary, so she giggled and flirted some more.

"I could see that trouble was brewing, and so I said to her, 'Please pardon me, Miss, but I do not think you'd better trifle any more with Abe; he may make trouble for you. I was with him in the army three years and know something of his temper.

I think you have gone about far enough.' To this John replied, 'Never mind us, Uncle, we know enough to take care of ourselves. We wasn't born last week.' And then Mary gave another flirt with the end of her scarf. Quicker than a wink Old Abe had his sharp claws deep in her arm just above her wrist. Then the smart young miss showed the folks how she could scream. She easily out-screamed Old Abe in battle. The angry bird was just about to seize her with his sharp, hooked beak, when I caught him by his neck. He was in a terrible passion. He and Mary and I had a time of it. After some scolding, much coaxing and a bit of choking I got his claws out of her arm. It was a fearful wound, and I felt sorry for the smart young miss as she and John went hunting for a doctor. I'll bet she'll remember Old Abe as long as she lives.'"

Old Abe's Death.

And now I must tell of the untimely death of this famous old bird. One day in February of the cold winter of 1881, some paints and oils kept in a room near his in the Capitol got afire no one knows how, yet I suspect by spontaneous combustion. Though these are big words, I do not know how to tell it in short ones. Dense clouds of smoke and bad-smelling gases filled the corridors and the cage room. The people overhead heard Abe give a scream and ran below to see what was the matter. They went through the dense smoke and opened the cage door, when Old Abe flew out and along the corridor. He was not only frightened by the smoke but suffocated because of the gas in his lungs. He was not well after that. All the Eagle had gone out of him. He lived about a month longer, and on the 28th of March, 1881, with a few of his old friends around him, died in the arms of George Gillies, his keeper. Those who saw him feebly flap his once strong wings and then sink back dead felt sad indeed. Some of those old comrades who sat by him shed tears of manly grief, for a brave spirit had taken its departure.

General George E. Bryant, at that time Quartermaster General of the State, was one of those present at Old Abe's death. He has told me that after they knew he was dead a number of old soldiers gathered in the office of Governor Smith and discussed the question as to what should be done with the body. Some thought there should be a kind of military funeral, and

that he should be buried in beautiful Forest Hill cemetery near Madison, the final resting place of many Wisconsin soldiers. Major C. G. Mayers, late of the Eleventh Wisconsin, said that he could mount the bird so that he could be kept for many years in honored remembrance of his service. Major Mayers' plan pleased the most of those present, and so Governor Smith gave the body over to him. He soon had the skin so mounted that it looked very much like Old Abe alive. General Bryant had a fine glass case made for him; and in this he was on exhibition nearly a quarter of a century. The perch on which he was mounted was like that on which he was carried in the army, and so every one who saw him during those years got a pretty good idea of his appearance in war times.

Still Visited by Thousands.

During that time his glass house stood in various places—in the rotunda of the Capitol, in the state historical rooms of the Capitol, and in the present historical building near the university. In April, 1903, he was placed in the new Grand Army Memorial Hall in the Capitol. Though dead, he was carried in many patriotic processions. Whenever his mounted figure was kept or carried he seemed to attract as much attention as he had done when alive. In fact, interest in him seemed all the time to be increasing. Every year thousands of people came into the Grand Army rooms to look upon him and ask questions about him. I suspect that some of them thought beyond what they could see with their eyes. One day a man, after looking a long time at Old Abe, said to me, "If ever I were led to fight against my country, the sight of that noble bird would make me throw down my weapons and give up the battle; for the eagle is the emblem of my country's freedom, and I could not fight against him and all he stands for;" I heard more than one say something like this. The old survivors of the Eighth Wisconsin, the Eagle regiment, say they fought the hardest for the flag when Old Abe was in sight.

The Boy from Arizona.

It mattered little whence Old Abe's visitors came all knew more or less about him. One day a small boy stood before him in big-eyed observation. I asked him if he had ever heard

of Old Abe. "Oh yes", said he, "I have heard ever-so-much about him". Then I asked how he had come to hear so much. "Well," he replied, I have read in books about him and heard people talk about him". When I asked where he lived he told me that his home was in Phoenix, Arizona. The little fellow studied Old Abe with careful interest. I'll warrant that when he got back to school in far-off Arizona he told his mates and the teacher how the historic bird looked, having seen him with his own eyes.

The Man from Oyster Bay.

One day in the spring of 1903 a tall, manly looking gentleman came into Memorial Hall. Though so manly in appearance, he seemed to have retained all the freshness of spirit of a big, wholesome boy. As he fixed his glasses upon the bridge of his nose and looked about he quickly asked, "Say is that Old Abe, the Wisconsin war eagle?" When I told him it was the very bird, he exclaimed with boyish delight, "By George! I am delighted to see him! I learned about him from my reader when I was a boy in school!" As he said this he bounded like an athlete over to Old Abe's glass house and there took very much such a look at him as the boy from Arizona had done. When I asked him to put his name on our register he wrote "Theodore Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, New York". The little boy from Arizona and the big President of the United States had both read in their schoolbooks about Old Abe, and both came with the same lively interest to see him. And so with thousands of others.

The Capitol Fire.

At three o'clock on the morning of February 27, 1904, the Madison fire bells rang out the alarm that the Capitol was on fire. A gas burner too close to an overhead pine ceiling started the blaze in a room just across the corridor from Memorial Hall. The smoke was so dense that no one could come near the door so as to save Old Abe from burning, with everything else in the room. All the pictures, relics and books were destroyed—a total loss—the most serious of which was our War Eagle. While the great building was burning the most frequent question asked among the thousands of people standing

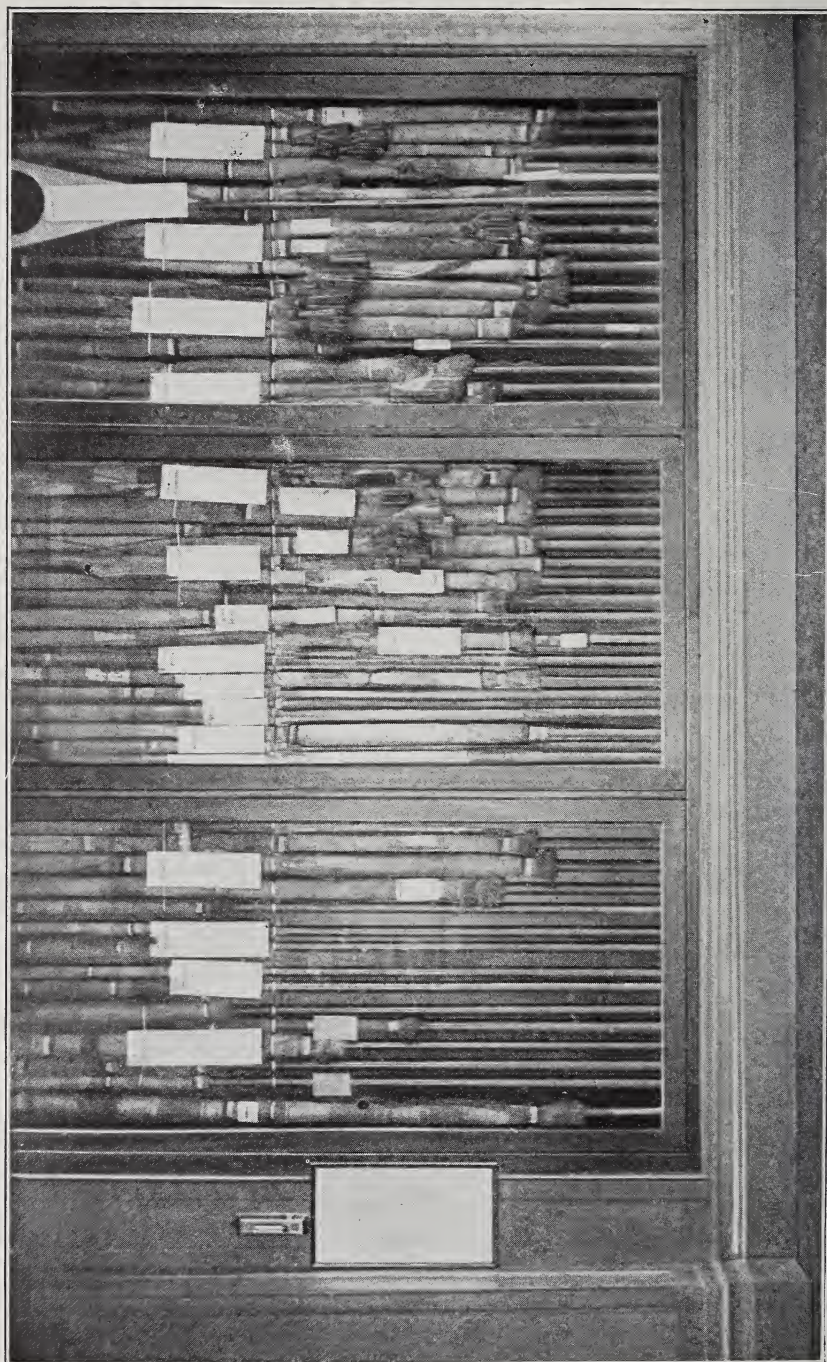
about was, "Has Old Abe been saved?" "In one form or another this sentiment was heard over and over: "I'd rather have had Old Abe saved than anything else in the building. Money can replace almost everything else but cannot bring him back". Some of the boys and girls looking on cried as they talked about him.

Now Only a Tradition.

And so Old Abe, the Wisconsin war eagle, became a cherished tradition—truly patriotic—that will live as long as the story of Wisconsin in the Civil War survives. There are now in the beautiful new Memorial Hall in the Capitol at Madison two fine paintings of the famous old bird. One was made by James A. Stewart from life. It shows him in a very natural position—truly life-like. The other was painted by Miss Leila Dow, of Madison. It was made from a sketch drawn of him only two weeks before the Capitol fire. It was presented by Governor LaFollette. The two hang side by side and are highly prized. Not far away are the old battle flags of the Eighth regiment, alongside which he was carried during the war. A half-a-dozen feathers of him are in a frame near by.

On the Wisconsin Monument at Vicksburg.

In the Vicksburg National Military Park there stands a noble and beautiful granite shaft as a memorial of the part Wisconsin soldiers took in the campaign and siege of Vicksburg in the summer of 1863. It may be seen miles away, and is one of the most graceful memorials in the Park. On the top, more than a hundred feet from the ground, stands a large bronze figure of Old Abe, seeming to look with an eagle eye over the grounds where the young bird more than a half a hundred years ago was with his regiment in the charge and the siege. At the time of the great reunion of the Blue and the Gray at Vicksburg in October, 1917, I visited All Saints College within the old siege lines, and was asked to talk to a class of young ladies there. They requested me in particular to tell them the story of Old Abe, the Wisconsin war eagle. They seemed greatly interested as I told it to them about as I have written it here.



One of the four cases of Wisconsin Battle Flags of the Civil War.

OUR WISCONSIN BATTLE FLAGS.

I should say in this little flag book something about the old battle-scarred banners our Wisconsin soldiers followed and fought under during the Civil War. After having had for more than fifty years no permanent abiding place, they were put, in the spring of 1918, into their final home in what is known as Memorial Hall in the Capitol. They stand side by side in four panels, about fifty in each. These panels have glass fronts, so that every flag may be seen, each wrapped close around its staff. Nearly every flag, if unrolled, would be badly tattered and torn—many of them riddled by shot and shell. It would not be easy, however, to tell which of the rents in them were made by shot and which by wear and tear. But the staffs of some of them have bullet holes in them, a few in plain sight, others covered by the flags wrapped about them. The staff of the First Infantry was shot into four pieces, and had to be mended by slats nailed along-side, and cords tied around it. The staff of the flag of the Sixth Infantry was also shot through in four places, and the same may be said of that of the Thirty-seventh. Others bear one or more bullet marks. Some of these shots laid low the brave color-bearers.

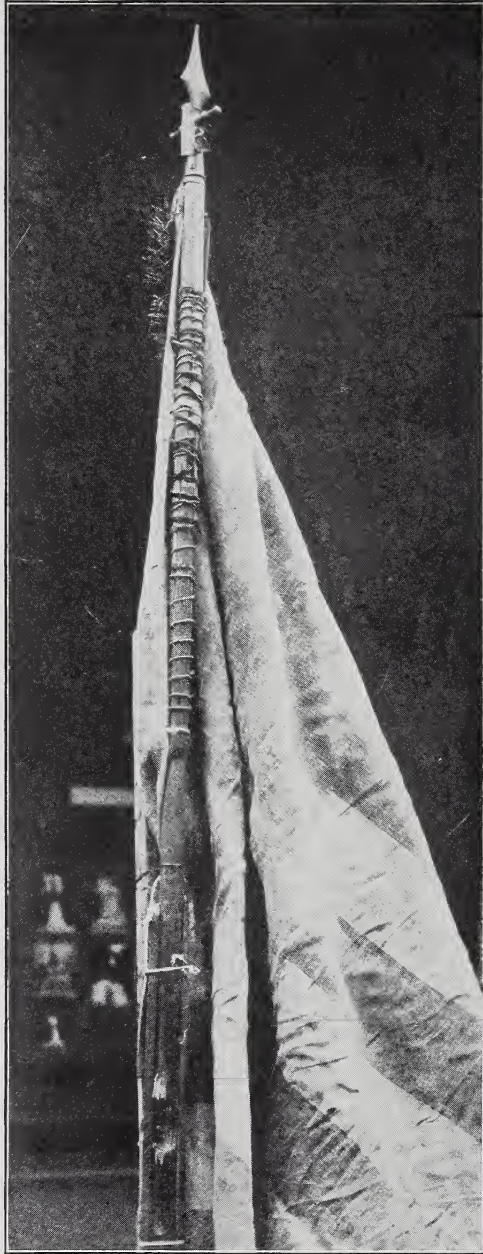
The fire of the enemy focused around
The flags and the brave men who bore them,
So they were the first in the battle to fall
And the Column came rushing on o'er them.

The Flag of the Thirty-seventh and Sergeant Green.

I must tell the story of one brave color-bearer, as it is recorded in the roster of the hard-fighting Thirty-seventh, regiment, William. H. Green of York, Green county. He enlisted March 29, 1864, and was made a sergeant of his company. After his name this statement is printed:

“Recommended for promotion for gallantry in action at the battle of Petersburg, Virginia, June 17, 1864, where, after having been wounded in both legs, he crawled from the field dragging his colors with his teeth, thus saving the flag. He died from his wounds July 17, just a month after his brave deed”.

His death occurred three and a half months after his enlist-



Battle Flag of the First Wisconsin Infantry. Staff shot into four pieces, fastened together with slats and strings.

ment. It is said that in height he was six feet four inches, the same as President Lincoln. Twice since the flag has been in its present place his son has come to see it. The story of the brave color sergeant's death is told on a card attached to the staff of the flag he thus saved, and is read by hundreds of visitors.

There were thousands of other color bearers just as brave as Sergeant Green, yet whose heroism has not been recorded.

If the Flags Could Only Speak.

If they could only tell of the heroic deeds of the brave boys and young men who fought around them there would indeed be many thrilling stories. Yet, though silent to mortal ears, they are still eloquent to those who listen well. They speak to every one of us whose souls are atune to the language of high ideals and self-sacrificing patriotism. I sometimes think that if one could stand before them in the stillness of the night, with no sound to distract his attention, he could in imagination hear stories of brave deeds, of lives freely given, that those who should live after them might enjoy the many blessings of good government and prosperity that are ours today. The dear old flags are a precious heritage to us, and we should cherish and honor them in our lives as good citizens.

Though not all may be able to look upon these tattered old flags before me that have been in the thick of the fight, let no one forget that the stars and stripes represent all the time and everywhere the same principles for which they were carried into battle.

SOME FLAG LAWS

In my Flag Books of 1919 and 1920, I had printed in full the flag laws requiring most attention. In this book I will tell only briefly what these laws require.

Flags on Schoolhouses and in Schoolrooms.

The school flag law, as amended up-to-date, (40.27) (3) 1919, requires the board of education of every school district, city, village or town, also the governing body of every private or parochial school, to furnish and have displayed in the school-room, or on a flagstaff on the school grounds, a United States flag; and they must also supply whatever is needed for the pres-

ervation or display of such flag. It is the duty of such school board and every principal or teacher to cause such flag to be properly displayed during school hours. The flag is not to be left out in bad weather nor over night. It should be put up in the morning and taken down at close of school.

This is the substance of the law now in force and should be obeyed. It ought to be the pride of every school, teacher and officer to see that law is respected and obeyed, especially laws concerning our flag, the symbol of law and order. It is flag desecration not to treat it decently.

University Flag.

In obedience to a law passed in 1911, the flag floats all the time over the Main Hall at the university while the school is in session.

Flags Over Voting Places.

Chapter 254, laws of 1901, require that the flag be displayed over every voting place during all the hours when the polls are open on election day. It is the business of town and village boards and city councils to see that this is done.

DESECRATION OF THE FLAG

There is a positive law against any desecration of Old Glory. No person may lawfully put any figure, mark, picture, drawing or advertisement of any nature upon our flag or upon any standard, color, ensign or shield of the United States, or upon our state flag; and no picture of our flag may be put upon a receptacle having in it articles for sale. To do this was quite common some years ago, but it is not so now. People have come to respect the law. The penalty for doing so is a fine of from ten to one hundred dollars for every offense.

Whoever shall publicly mutilate, deface, defile or trample upon the flag, or cast any contempt upon it is subject to a fine of from ten to one hundred dollars or imprisonment in the county jail not more than sixty days, or by both fine and imprisonment. The laws of the United States provide for severe penalties for any manner of contempt or disrespect toward our flag.

Every patriotic man or woman will do all he or she reasonably can to see that our flag is treated with all due respect. Disrespect shown for our flag is disrespect shown for our government, of which it is the emblem. Nearly every state in the Union has practically the same flag laws as we have in Wisconsin.

Some Misuse of the Flag.

The flag may be, and is, desecrated in many ways not specified in the laws of the state. Here are some of them mentioned:

The school law prescribes that the flag shall float in seasonable weather—be put up when school opens and taken down when it closes. It is a sorry sight to see our national banner, the visible emblem of all that is good in our government, left flying night and day—in all kinds of bad weather—to be whipped into shreds, and so soiled that there is hardly a semblance of our beautiful stars and stripes. One who truly loves the country of which those stars and stripes are the sacred symbol cannot show his love by such apparent disrespect. Our flag should by all means receive decent care, and such care for it should be taught to our boys and girls. Let every patriotic teacher and parent undertake to do this.

It is not treating the flag well, when it becomes old and unfit for its proper use, to allow it to lie around as rubbish—as a part of cast-off, good-for-nothing stuff. It is a great deal better to give it a decent funeral by privately burning it.

The custom once thought to be patriotic of using flag napkins, especially in giving dinners to Grand Army men, is, happily, passing. It is certainly not respectful to Old Glory to wipe our mouths and soiled hands with it. Also, we do not see the flag used in these days for pillow covers, though it was quite common a few years ago.

One cannot specify all the ignoble uses to which our flag is put by persons who lack a proper respect for it, and have little refinement of taste. Those who exercise such respect and good taste will treat our flag in a becoming manner without specific rules. The essential thing is to understand its sacred meaning and to treat it accordingly. These two commands may well go together, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." and "Thou shalt not profane the emblem of thy country's greatness."

SOME FLAG CUSTOMS

There are more flag customs than can be written down here ; and so only a few of what seem the most worth while are mentioned. None of these have the sanction of the law, but are what have by common consent been adopted by patriotic people. It is indeed well that they should be observed, for proper manifestation of respect for what is worthy of it is a mark of both culture and character as well as patriotism :—

1. The flag should be raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset. It should not be left out overnight nor kept up in stormy weather. It should all the time be treated with decent care.

2. The school flag should be hoisted when school begins in the morning, and lowered when school closes for the day.

3. On Memorial Day the flag should be at half-mast until noon and then raised to the top of the staff.

4. In decorations the stripes should be kept in straight lines. When the stripes are horizontal the stars should be at the left. the stripes extending toward the right. When the stripes are perpendicular the stars should be at the right.

5. When the staff of the American flag is crossed with that of any other, except the church pennant, the stars and stripes must be at the right ; also when borne with another flag in procession.

6. The Church Pennant—a blue cross on a white ground—is the only flag which may at any time be hoisted above the stars and stripes. This is at the time of Sunday divine services in the navy.

7. The flag must not be used in any kind of advertising. No lettering of any kind may be put upon it. No picture of it may be put upon any receptacle containing articles for sale. It may not be used as a whole or part of a trade mark.

8. It should not be used as a pillow cover, napkin or handkerchief. It should be put to no ignoble use.

9. When the flag is used to cover a table or pulpit, nothing should be placed upon it but the Bible.

10. When the Star Spangled Banner or America is played or sung all in the audience should rise and stand at attention until the end. Neither should it be made an exit march or a part of a medley.

11. It is a commendable mark of respect to salute the flag

when it passes in procession, either by lifting the hat or raising the right hand to the forehead.

It is well not to have too many and minute rules of flag etiquette. To do so would tend toward formality. A truly respectful and patriotic attitude toward it is apt properly to manifest itself.

The Flag Salute in School.

It is becoming in all of us to manifest due respect toward both persons and things that are worthy of it. Soldiers are required to salute their officers. Gentlemen lift their hats to ladies as a token of respect. Every good teacher undertakes to cultivate in boys and girls an attitude of respect toward that to which respect is due. If we truly respect our flag we shall at all times be glad to salute it and pledge allegiance to it. To do this in concert is coming to be a custom in school. A beautiful custom it is, too.

Here are the directions, as proposed by the American Flag Association, for giving the flag salute in school:

At an appointed time the teacher gives a signal for all to arise in their places, while some one appointed to do so brings the flag to the front. Then all together bring the right hand, open, palm downward, up to the forehead, the thumb just touching the eyebrow, and, when thus standing, repeat slowly and distinctly in concert this pledge:

"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands—one Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

At the words "to my flag" every one extends the right hand so that it points toward the flag, holding it there until the pledge is completed. Then the hand drops to the side and all sing America, after which the school is seated.

Some people are now proposing substitutes for the words "my flag" these, "The American flag", for fear that some little foreigner will, while saluting, have in mind some other flag as his. Possibly he might. Yet when he adds, "and to the republic for which it stands", his words cannot well mean any other flag than the American, whatever his thought may be. Anyhow, there is little use in his saying "the American flag" unless he really means it. We should not become so particular concerning form as to seem fussy.

In primary grades the little folks may, instead of the above pledge, give this:

“I give my head and my heart to God and my Country;
one country, one language, one flag.”



Picture (Flag Salute.)

This picture is a good illustration of the manner of saluting the flag, Marion holds it while Arthur repeats the pledge.

THE SILENT SALUTE.—In some schools the silent salute is given—an act of reverence without repeating the pledge. In this, as the flag is brought before the school every right hand is raised as in the salute and held there while the flag is dipped and returned to its perpendicular position, when the hand is dropped to the side. It is the salute given by our soldiers and sailors. This silent salute may be given every day—the salute and pledge on special occasions, if teachers think best.

THE SALUTE—DAILY OR OCCASIONALLY? Should the flag salute be given as a regular daily exercise, or only occasionally? There

is a difference of opinion. It is, perhaps, best for every teacher to decide. If the boys and girls like to give the salute and pledge every day, and do it with enthusiasm, it may well be made a part of the daily school program; yet it should not come to seem to them as a mere form. Real spirit, and earnestness are necessary to every patriotic performance. Every boy and girl should, however, be prepared at any time to give the salute upon a second's notice. It depends almost wholly upon the spirit the teacher himself or herself imparts to the pupils.

One day two teachers came to the Capitol who belonged to a high school in St. Louis. They told me that every morning at 8:30 a boy goes to the flag pole and gives a bugle call, upon which the school flag goes up to the top. While this is being done every pupil, wherever he or she may be—studying inside, or playing out-of-doors—stands each at salute. When the flag is up all resume their study or play. This is their regular custom and they all like it. Is not this a good suggestion for Wisconsin schools?

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THE SALUTE.—In another part of this little flag book there is a chapter upon the Meaning of the Flag. Is it not a fact that when a person, young or old, salutes the flag and repeats the pledge, he thereby pledges allegiance to all the flag means—to be brave, not only when called upon to be a soldier but every day wherever he is, to fight against what is wrong; to be pure in thought, word and deed; and to be loyal, law-abiding and true everywhere and all the time? To pledge allegiance to the flag and not to what the flag means is to say over words with no meaning. It is *cant*. Every true man, woman and child should avoid cant, and thus avoid hypocrisy.

Flags in Churches and Homes.

Many church people are coming to feel that their houses of worship are appropriate places for the flag—and why not? It is the visible token of all that is best in our government. It is the emblem of religious freedom in our free and enlightened land. It is a silent, yet eloquent, preacher of righteousness and good citizenship, both of which are essential to Christianity. It is a daily challenge to both old and young everywhere to be loyal to Home and Country.

And not only the church but every other organization having for its purpose the social or civic uplift of its member-

ship may well have as its badge of service the flag of our country. The same may be said concerning schools and homes. Though the law prescribes that every school shall, while in session, display a flag, yet cannot require one in the home, it is surely a credit to the people in any home to put out the flag on patriotic occasions, and to have a little flag always in sight in the living room.

Flags For Decoration.

Nothing can be more suitable for decorative purposes than our flag. It is indeed a beautiful emblem; and more than that, suggestive of noble thought and high ideals. It is a meaning decoration. A community decked out in our national colors is complimentary to the people who live there. All visitors are thus put into an attitude of good will toward their hosts.

Flags for any social or patriotic function make a room bright and attractive. It should, however, be borne in mind that our national colors are not to be used in decoration for any ignoble or unworthy purpose. No one who truly loves our flag and is loyal to all it means will be likely to misuse it.

Precedence of Our Flag.

It is a mark of genuine patriotism in our foreign born citizens still to cherish the traditions of the land of their birth, and to respect the flag of their fathers. He who has no deep and abiding affection for the best things of his native land does not have it in him to care very much for any other country. Patriotism is an expanded love of home. Yet he who, having become a citizen with us and sworn allegiance to our government, is not a truly patriotic American if he does not cherish above all others our flag and our free institutions. Though he may bear in procession the flag of his native land, he should understand that our national emblem must be carried along with it and ahead of it. If borne side by side our flag should be at the right. The stars and stripes must plainly be preferred above every other flag. Whoever lives under the protection of Old Glory must show due respect for it. If not, he would better get out from under it. America is no place for him. It must be understood that the flag of no hostile country may be displayed at all—neither the red flag of anarchy. Public senti-

ment condemns this yet more positively than statute law does. In the heart of every American citizen, *America, American institutions*, the *American flag*, must have the first and highest place—must be supreme.

Flag at Half-Mast, or Half-Staff.

When a member of the Grand Army dies it is the custom to fly the Post flag at half-mast from the day of his death till after the funeral. This custom is followed by many other societies—also in case of the death of a public official. Not long ago, when going to the Capitol, I saw the flag over the east wing at half-mast. I soon heard that Chief Justice Winslow of our Supreme Court was dead. The flag in that position is a symbol of mourning. In case of the death of a pupil, teacher or members of the school board, it is appropriate so to place the school flag.

In putting the flag at half-mast it should first be raised to the top of the pole, and then be lowered the width of the flag. When taken down it should be drawn first to full height, and then lowered to the ground. In handling the flag it should not, if it can be avoided, be allowed to touch the ground. All the time and everywhere it should be handled with care and respect.

The Flag at the Funerals of Old Soldiers.

It is the custom of the Grand Army men to place the flag upon the casket of a deceased comrade at his funeral. A soldier who has offered his life for the flag and the principles it represents naturally desires that when he lies down to his last rest he be covered with the flag under which he marched and fought. This feeling is expressed in an old war-time song:

“Oh wrap the flag around me, boys,
To die were far more sweet
With Freedom’s starry Banner, boys,
To be my winding sheet.”

It is a beautiful feature of our Grand Army burial service when some comrade steps forward and, placing a small silk flag upon the casket, repeats impressively these words:

“In behalf of the Grand Republic for whose integrity and unity our late comrade offered his services in the Civil War, I now desposit the flag upon his burial casket.”

Flags on Soldiers' Graves.

It has come to be a common custom to place, a day or two before Memorial Day, a small flag about twelve by eighteen inches in size upon every soldier's grave so that on that day it may be known where to place flowers in his memory. This is a matter of special interest to our little citizens, for it is commonly the boys and girls who strew the flowers. Every living defender of the flag of our country hopes that this beautiful custom may be observed as long as patriotic gratitude dwells in the hearts of those who live in security under the protection of the banner for which he offered his life.

Children in Procession on Memorial Day.

It has come to be the custom in nearly every community in all our country for school children, bearing the choicest flowers they can find, to march in procession to the cemetery on Memorial Day, there to strew them over the grassy mounds where our soldier dead are at rest. In most such cases enough small flags have been secured so that every boy and girl in line may have one to carry, and to keep as a souvenir of the memorial service. These little flags seem sacred to them and are preserved with tender care. Every child should have a neat flag for his or her room; and no home should be without its flag to display on patriotic occasions.

Flag Day, June 14.

Every boy and girl knows the story of the making of the first flag by Betty Ross. It was on Saturday, the 14th of June, 1777, when the American Congress—

“Resolved, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation.”

And so it was on that day when our flag came to us in all its glory, flung to the breeze, thus displaying a new constellation among the nations of the earth.

It is well worth while that June 14 of every year be appropriately celebrated as the birthday of Old Glory. Patriotic societies, churches, schools, whole communities, do themselves credit when in some impressive manner they honor the day.

Especially should the Stars and Stripes then be displayed from every flagstaff and placed before, or in the windows of, every home and business place in all the land.

Let us all in some fit manner honor the birthday of Old Glory.

Other Flag Days.

There are other days in the year when the flag should be displayed—lest we forget:

Lincoln Day, February 12.

Washington Day, February 22.

Memorial Day, May 30.

Flag Day, June 14.

Independence Day, July 4.

General Election Day, First Tuesday after First Monday in November.

Armistice Day, November 11.

IS BETTY ROSS A MYTH?

There can be no doubt as to the significance of the stars and stripes on our flag. The stripes were put there by the colony people, standing for a union of effort to gain independence, and the stars have all along told the number of states, indicating the growth of our country from its birthday down to the present time. There can be no doubt as to how the stripes came there, yet there is some question concerning the origin of the stars. The boys and girls in every school say without hesitation that Betty Ross put them there. There are some people, however, who consider the Betsy Ross story as not good—only tradition at best. On page 297 of the Flag Number of the Geographic Magazine, October 1917, there is this paragraph:

“The well-known story of Betsy Ross, so-called maker of the Stars and Stripes, is one of the picturesque legends which has grown up around the origin of the flag, but it is one to which few unsentimental historians subscribe. There was, however, a Mrs. Ross, who was a flag maker by trade, living in Philadelphia at the time of the flag’s adoption”.

I have seen here in Madison a little old faded flag, with stripes of silk ribbon, said to have been made by grand daughters of Betty Ross who had heard their grandma tell the story of the flag she made. I do not know just how true their story was. I guess that if it be not easy to prove that Betty made the first flag, it would be less easy to prove that she did not. It is a pretty story, anyhow, and I am perfectly willing to have our little citizens believe in Betty. Folks who are short on imagination are trying to teach children there is no Santa Claus. There is, nevertheless, *a* Santa Claus; and there *is*, also, *a* Betty Ross.

Rhode Island's Claim on the Stars.

The state of Rhode Island had in the Revolutionary war a brigade of men carrying a flag thus described in the Flag Number of the Geographic Magazine, October, 1917:

“Fashioned from white silk with thirteen stars on a canton of blue, and showing a blue anchor surrounded by the motto of the State, Hope, on the center of the field, this regimental banner of Rhode Island easily takes rank as an attractive flag; nor is it lacking in interesting historic associations. Carried safely through the intense struggle of Brandywine, at Trenton, and at Yorktown, it now rests in the State House at Providence, mute witness to the heroism of those who bore it to final victory.”

The people of Rhode Island maintain with what seems to them “good reason that the thirteen stars on the canton, or field, of blue in the Rhode Island flag of the Revolution suggested the constellation of thirteen stars on a canton of blue in Old Glory.” We may never know where Betty Ross got her idea of the stars on her flag. She may have known about the flag carried by the Rhode Island soldiers and got the suggestion from that. The Commissioner of Public Schools of Rhode Island has written this to me:

“Perhaps you know that the Betsy Ross story is not at the present time considered of great repute. Even if this story were accepted, it might be interesting to suggest the origin of the thirteen white stars in the field of blue as Betsy Ross placed them in the flag.”

This is indeed a good idea and worthy of acceptance.

Whatever of truth this tradition or that may preserve for us, the fact is that *we have Old Glory*—first thirteen stars, then, through the wonderful vigor and growth of our Republic, star after star up to the present forty-eight.

And now we may ask, *what next—how many and how long?*

Rhode Island's Declaration of Independence.

It may not generally be known that on the 4th of May, 1776, little Rhode Island adopted for herself a Declaration of Independence from England, just two months before such action was taken by the Congress of the thirteen colonies. I have before me a copy of this declaration. It is a matter of which the people of that little state feel proud.

It is due to say that Rhode Island, through its educational department puts out for her schools some of the best of patriotic literature. I have a dozen neat little booklets from there—every one a credit to the state. I wish every educational department would do as well for the patriotic training of our little citizens.

The Fifteen Stripe Flag.

It is well to know that after Kentucky and Vermont came into the Union each felt that it should have an added stripe on the flag. And so in 1795 our flag was so changed as to have fifteen stripes—and these it continued to have until April 4, 1818—twenty-three years—when President Monroe signed a bill restoring the thirteen stripes, and providing that when a new state should thereafter be admitted a new star should be put upon the flag—*on the following Fourth of July.*

UP WITH THE SCHOOL FLAG

It is the law in Wisconsin, and in nearly every other state in the Union, even in the South, that our flag must be displayed from a staff at, or in the room of, every school, public, private or parochial. It is made the duty of every school board, or governing body of every school, to furnish a suitable flag for such purpose, also to supply the means for its display. Also, it is

the duty of the principal or other teacher in charge of the school to cause the flag to be properly displayed while school is in session, except in unseasonable weather.

One of the best things a school can do is to teach obedience to law. This obedience cannot be taught without practicing it. But love of the flag itself and what it means should be a yet stronger incentive to us than the legal enactment. The school-house flag afloat is all the time and everywhere a credit to the school and the community where it is seen.

A Color Guard.

In the army no man held a more honorary position than that of Color Guard, unless it was the Color Bearer himself. No old army veteran is prouder today than he who can say, "I was Color Sergeant of my regiment, and I carried our flag through some of the hardest fought battles of the war." And he has a still stronger sense of pride if he can say that he was wounded while upholding the flag. Not many members of a Color Guard came through a battle unscarred, for the enemy took special pains to shoot them down. It was a greater honor to be Color Sergeant than captain, for not every captain was brave enough to carry the colors. He who did that must be of heroic mold.

Why would it not be worth while in school to appoint for Color Guard some boy or girl as a reward of merit of some kind, whose privilege it should be to care for the flag—to hoist it when the first bell rings and lower it when school closes; also to see that it has all the time the best of care? Two persons might thus be selected to serve for a week or a month, one to be known as Color Sergeant, the other, Color Corporal.

Some schools have for every day, or on certain days, a short exercise for the raising of the school flag. Well done, such an exercise must be inspiring. In another place in this book I have spoken of a flag raising custom at one high school in St. Louis. The teachers of that school who told me about it said the pupils like their way of doing it very much. The thing to be desired is a lively interest in some manner of flag raising. A patriotic teacher will find some good plan of keeping the boys and girls interested in their flag, and of creating an interest in it among those coming into school from overseas upon the great incoming tide of immigration after the world war.

WHAT OUR FLAG SAID

On a certain patriotic occasion, when Colonel J. A. Watrous carried the flag, and was to make an address, he preferred to let the Flag itself do the talking, which it did, in these words:—

“I am your national emblem, the flag of this great nation. I was made by a woman who gave me to General George Washington, chief in command during the war of the Revolution. Soldiers of his army carried me into every one of the battles fought under his direction in that war which made possible the American Republic.

“I was with Perry at the battle of Lake Erie in the war of 1812; with Scott in Canada; with Harrison in Ohio; and with General Jackson in Louisiana.

“I have had a part in all the Indian campaigns since Betsy Ross made me.

“I went to Mexico with Scott and Taylor and their armies, and was with them in every battle and skirmish, leading the way in triumph to Mexico City.

“In the great war of the sixties, I played a more or less important part in all of the two thousand battles which resulted in saving the Nation.

“In that great war it was my honor and pleasure to serve under the direction of The Greatest American, Abraham Lincoln; under Grant, Meade, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and hundreds of other great commanders.

“It is something to be remembered that I was with McClellan at Antietam; with Grant at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Mission Ridge; that I was with Meade at Gettysburg; with Sherman from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea; that I was with Grant and Meade from Culpepper Courthouse to Appomattox; with Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley and Five Forks; with Hooker at Lookout Mountain; Warren at Round Top; Hancock at the Bloody Angle; with white-haired and heroic Wadsworth when he gave his life in the Wilderness; Sedgwick at Laurel Hill; Reynolds on the first day at Gettysburg; Ben Butler at New Orleans—not to mention other generals, their heroic armies and their battles.

“I went to Cuba in 1898, and also to Porto Rico; and the forces that went with me conferred upon those two islands blessings greater than those people had ever dreamed would be theirs.

“I went with Dewey to the faraway Philippine Islands, and the army, navy and civil authorities have done for them what no other country ever attempted to do for another people.

“In 1900 I went with General Chaffee and his forces to China and took a leading part in ending the Boxer war. Since that event, in which the whole civilized world became interested, there has been greater progress in China in religion, education and general improvement than there had been in any previous five hundred years.

“I do not need to be told that the people in America love me. I know it. I have seen too many hats lifted in my honor and too many salutes given not to know that I have a warm and an abiding place in the hearts of all American citizens, not to mention the hearts of millions in other lands who have heard of my country and who hope to become citizens of it.

“I know, and there is no power on earth to convince me to the contrary, that I am the only flag that people of the United States want and will recognize.

“Pardon me, but I must say it, and I say it because I know what is in the hearts of the people of this favored country—‘I am the Inspiration and the Hope of the American Republic.’

“I have wept over a million men killed and wounded that we might have this best of all countries for the best people in all the world.

“I have always cheered and inspired our army and navy in time of war and in time of peace.

“I have delighted and cheered and inspired all of our millions of people on national and other holidays.

“I am with General Pershing and the regulars in Mexico, and with General Funston on the Mexican Border, and—well, where they go I shall go.

“Inasmuch as a woman made me, and the millions of men who have upheld, defended and protected me, and helped save the country from destruction, disgrace and dishonor, were sons of women, I hope that the day is coming—is not far away—when the wives, mothers, sisters, daughters and widows of

our fair land will have an equal right with the men in choosing our public servants and making our laws.”

* * * *

This talk of the Flag was given before it went overseas with our brave boys in khaki, there to strike a death blow to autocracy in government. There it gladdened the hearts of the hard-pressed armies of the Allies, and gave hope and faith to the people of Belgium and France. There it went over the top and carried consternation to the heart of the Hun. In due time it came back to us victorious—more glorious than ever.

And now its hope is realized in waving over its own free land where all women have, through the choice of men, come into full possession of all civic rights and privileges that men themselves enjoy.

Also, our flag has seen another victorious triumph—the traffic in intoxicants made, through the fundamental law of the land, criminal.

What will be its next great triumph?

PATRIOTISM MEANS GOOD CITIZENSHIP

The Good Citizen Shows His Patriotism by—

Honoring our Flag as the emblem of all that is good in our government.

Attending every election and voting for what he honestly believes to be right.

Meeting the assessor in all good conscience.

Gladly supporting the best of schools.

Being truly loyal to his own home, his own schools, his own church, his own community, his own party; and having due respect for all that demands his neighbor's loyalty.

Helping make the world better and men happier; beginning in his own little part of it.

Cheerfully bidding his neighbor Good Night and Good Morning.

Letting the inhabitants of the frog-pond do all the croaking.

Keeping his own dooryard clean—back yard as well as front—and the snow off the sidewalk.

Being friendly and helpful to our little citizens, living before them as he would like to have them live.

Courage, Clean-living, and Respect for Law.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

Delivered on Flag Day, 1914, before the employees of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior.

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say, "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag.

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

“I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

“I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

“I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles.

“Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

“Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

“Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

“But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

“I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

“I am the day’s work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

“I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

“I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

“I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

“I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

“I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

“I am what you make me, nothing more.

“I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making.”

A CODE OF MORALS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

I am glad that some one was good enough to send to me a copy of the following code of morals for Boys and Girls. I wish it might be in use in every school in the land. There is a second part called the Code of Morals for Young People, intended for pupils of high school age, while this for the grades.

Though this Code does not concern itself directly with the flag, it does teach what our flag symbolizes, *Americanism*, and does it in a practical way.

Moral Code for Boys and Girls.

Boys and girls who are good Americans try to become strong and useful, that our country may become ever greater and better. Therefore they obey the laws of right living which the best Americans have always obeyed.

I

THE LAW OF HEALTH

The Good American Tries to Gain and to Keep Perfect Health.

The welfare of our country depends upon those who try to be physically fit for their daily work. Therefore:

1. I will keep my clothes, my body and my mind clean.
2. I will avoid those habits which would harm me, and will make and never break those habits which will help me.
3. I will try to take such food, sleep and exercise as will keep me in perfect health.

II

THE LAW OF SELF-CONTROL

The Good American Controls Himself.

Those who best control themselves can best serve their country.

1. I will control my *tongue*, and will not allow it to speak mean, vulgar or profane words.
2. I will control my *temper*, and will not get angry when people or things displease me.
3. I will control my *thoughts*, and will not allow a foolish wish to spoil a wise purpose.

III

THE LAW OF SELF-RELIANCE

The Good American is Self-Reliant.

Self-conceit is silly, but self-reliance is necessary to boys and girls who would be strong and useful.

1. I will gladly listen to the advice of older and wiser people, but I will learn to think for myself, choose for myself, act for myself.
2. I will not be afraid of being laughed at.
3. I will not be afraid of doing right when the crowd does wrong.

IV

THE LAW OF RELIABILITY

The Good American is Reliable.

Our country grows great and good as her citizens are able more fully to trust each other. Therefore:

1. I will be honest, in word and in act. I will not lie, sneak, or pretend, nor will I keep the truth from those who have a right to it.
2. I will not do wrong in the hope of not being found out. I cannot hide the truth from myself and cannot often hide it from others.
3. I will not take without permission what does not belong to me.
4. I will do promptly what I have promised to do. If I have made a foolish promise, I will at once confess my mistake, and I will try to make good any harm which my mistake may have caused. I will so speak and act that people will find it easier to trust each other.

V

THE LAW OF CLEAN PLAY

The Good American Plays Fair.

Clean play increases and trains one's strength, and helps one to be more useful to one's country. Therefore:

1. I will not cheat, nor will I play for keeps or for money. If I should not play fair, the loser would lose the fun of the game, the winner would lose his self-respect and the game itself would become a mean and often cruel business.
2. I will treat my opponent with politeness.
3. If I play in a group game, I will play, not for my own glory, but for the success of my team and the fun of the game.
4. I will be a good loser or a generous winner.

VI

THE LAW OF DUTY

The Good American Does His Duty.

The shirker or the willing idler lives upon the labor of others, burdens others with the work which he ought to do himself. He harms his fellows citizens, and so harms his country.

I will try to find out what my duty is, *what I ought to do*, and my duty I will do, whether it is easy or hard. What I ought to do I can do.

VII

THE LAW OF GOOD WORKMANSHIP

**The Good American Tries to do the Right Thing
in the Right Way.**

The welfare of our country depends upon those who have learned to do in the right way the things that ought to be done. Therefore:

1. I will get the best possible education, and learn all that I

can from those who have learned to do the right thing in the right way.

2. I will take an interest in my work, and will not be satisfied with slipshod and merely passable work. A wheel or a rail or a nail carelessly made may cause the death of hundreds.
3. I will try to do the right thing in the right way, even when no one else sees or praises me. But when I have done my best, I will not envy those who have done better, or have received larger reward. Envy spoils the work and the worker.

VIII

THE LAW OF TEAM-WORK

The Good American Works in Friendly Co-operation with His Fellow Workers.

One man alone could not build a city or a great railroad. One man alone would find it hard to build a house or a bridge. That I may have bread, men have sowed and reaped, men have made plows and threshers, men have built mills and mined coal, men have made stoves and kept stores. As we learn better how to work together, the welfare of our country is advanced.

1. In whatever work I do with others, I will do my part and will help others do their part.
2. I will keep in order the things which I use in my work. When things are out of place, they are often in the way, and sometimes they are hard to find. Disorder means confusion, and the waste of time and patience.
3. In all my work with others, I will be cheerful. Cheerlessness depresses all the workers and injures all the work.
4. When I have received money for my work, I will be neither a miser nor a spendthrift. I will save or spend as one of the friendly workers of America.

IX

THE LAW OF KINDNESS

The Good American is Kind.

In America those who are of different races, colors and conditions must live together. We are of many

different sorts, but we are one great people. Every unkindness hurts the common life, every kindness helps the common life. Therefore:

1. I will be kind in all my *thoughts*. I will bear no spites or grudges. I will not think myself above any other boy or girl just because I am of a different race or color or condition. I will never despise anybody.
2. I will be kind in all my *speech*. I will not gossip nor will I speak unkindly of anyone. Words may wound or heal.
3. I will be kind in all my *acts*. I will not selfishly insist on having my own way. I will always be polite. Rude people are not good Americans. I will not trouble unnecessarily those who do work for me. I will do my best to prevent cruelty, and will give my best help to those who need it most.

X

THE LAW OF LOYALTY

The Good American is Loyal.

If our America is to become ever greater and better her citizens must be loyal, devotedly faithful, in every relation of life.

1. I will be loyal to my family. In loyalty I will gladly obey my parents or those who are in their place. I will do my best to help each member of my family to strength and usefulness.
2. I will be loyal to my school. In loyalty I will obey and help other pupils to obey those rules which further the good of all.
3. I will be loyal to my town, my state, my country. In loyalty I will respect and help others to respect their laws and their courts of justice.
4. I will be loyal to humanity. In loyalty I will do my best to help the friendly relations of our country with every other country, and to give to everyone in every land the best possible chance.

If I try simply to be loyal to my family, I may be disloyal to my school. If I try simply to be loyal to my school, I may be disloyal to my town, my state and my country. If I try simply to be loyal to my town, my state and country,

I may be disloyal to humanity. I will try above all things else to be loyal to humanity; then I shall surely be loyal to my country, my state and my town, to my school and to my family.

And he who obeys the law of loyalty obeys all of the other nine laws of The Good American.

* * * *

The above Code was written by William J. Hutchins, president of Berea College, Kentucky, in a contest in which fifty-two writers took part, having a year—February 22, 1916, to February 22, 1917. There had been a prize of \$5,000 offered for the best, and it went to him. An old educator has asked me if this Code would not make a boy a molly-coddle. Would it? Copies of this Code may be had from Berea College at 75 cents a hundred.

SOME TRIBUTES TO THE FLAG

I have asked several well-known Wisconsin people to write for this little book short tributes to the Flag. I am sure that they will be of real interest especially so, perhaps, because they are "home grown."

From Bishop Samuel Fallows.

"The American flag, with its marvelous blending of Red, White and Blue, is the glorious symbol of national unity, of political purity, of commercial honesty, of industrial justice, of civic righteousness, of manhood and womanhood equality, of childhood conservation, of international brotherhood, and a world-wide humanity.

"May it ever wave in increasing splendor o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Bishop Fallows now lives in Chicago, yet he was a Wisconsin soldier. Chaplain, of the 32nd Wisconsin, Lieutenant Colonel of the 40th and Colonel of the 49th. He is truly loyal to Wisconsin.

From the Rev. E. B. Earle.

To look upon Old Glory, to have in my possession the Stars and Stripes, to hold in my hand the Star Spangled Banner, has a wonderful effect upon me. It is the flag of my country.

I love it. Its White calls to me for purity of life in purpose and in effort. Its Blue says, be true—true to God, true to the principles for which the flag stands, true to my fellow men. Its Red bids me have courage—courage to stand for the right, even though I stand alone; courage to fight to the last ditch, and there if required, to pour out the last drop of my heart's blood for the glory of God, the honor of my country, the preservation of my *country's* flag."

Mr. Earle has been for the past eight years Chaplain of the Wisconsin Veterans' Home, at Waupaca.

From John A. Hazelwood.

"The 'Stars and Stripes' has no equal. It represents life, liberty, and prosperity; it symbolizes truth, purity, and courage; it is the boast and pride of free men. No other flag is so beautiful. It inspires people to think holy thoughts and to do noble deeds. It has led Americans to success on many a battle field. On every sea and in every land it stands for truth against error, for right against wrong, for God against evil. It is the grandest, most glorious of all flags.

Yes, to Old Glory we ascribe our undying love and loyalty. May she ever float on high o'er this land of the free and the home of the brave."

Mr. Hazelwood is a son of a veteran, a former county superintendent—now secretary of the Civil Service Commission in the Capitol.

From Colonel Jerome A. Watrous.

Dear Flag of the free, a great nation's beautiful emblem; flag of great deeds as well as dazzling beauty; "Inspiration and Hope of our Country;" I gracefully salute thee, and lovingly press my lips to thy folded stripes and stars, and proudly exclaim, "I love thee, Stars and Stripes, blessed Old Glory. I love thee, thou boundless source of inspiration in all worthy walks of life in peace, and source of boundless strength, as well as inspiration, in times of war and in battle."

Memory carries me back to the battlefield, its deafening thunder of cannon, incessant rattling of musketry, spiteful zip-zipping of bullets, shouted orders of officers and the exciting and anxious moments of close and uncertain contest, when an ugly and defiant "yell" was answered by an equally defiant

“cheer” in which there was scant hope; when hope and joy were aroused by the hurried approach of helping or relieving reinforcements, with waving, smiling, inspiring, defiant flags that brought welcoming cheers telling of renewed hope, confidence, and readiness for redoubled efforts for victory.

Those were occasions when our Nation’s emblem—waving, smiling, defiant Old Glory—appeared supremely lovely; and tired men with powder-blackened faces could have kissed it and sprinkled it with grateful tears.

May our Nation and its proud emblem ever possess the unquestioned love of the most favored people in the world—the people of the United States.

Colonel Watrous has lately retired, at a good old age, from the position of Governor of the Wisconsin Veterans’ Home at Waupaca. His has been a long life of patriotic activity and most useful citizenship.

From John J. Blaine, Governor of Wisconsin.

Our Flag is symbolical, emblematical; and the arrangement of colors visualizes the things for which the flag stands.

It symbolizes courage, purity, truth and honor; yet the idolatrous worship of the symbol itself is not devotion to the flag. Our flag has been bathed in blood on the greatest battlefields of the world, and that baptism has meant the rededication of the spirit of America in devotion to the things for which the flag stands. Courage in civil life, purity of mind, of action, of adherence to truth and honor in all things—these constitute devotion to the flag. All things it symbolizes are so necessary to an orderly government that to use the flag to cloak intolerance, to suppress freedom, to deny rights or to impose the will of individuals or groups upon the masses are acts of disloyalty, and to flaunt the flag for personal gain is to desecrate it.

Within its folds there is no place for those who are not devoted to the cause of maintaining the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Government has no justification for existence among men except as an instrument to secure those rights; and our flag is the emblem floating from every flag pole as a challenge to those who would deny them.

**From Walter O. Pietzsch, Department Commander of the
Grand Army of the Republic.**

Our first look at the stars and stripes after release from Confederate prison was a glorious sight to us, and the happiest day we ever knew. We had been confined in Salisbury prison four months, where five thousand out of ten thousand of us had died of hardship, and starvation, and disease, when we were paroled and taken to Wilmington, North Carolina, there to be turned over to the United States government for exchange. When we arrived on the banks of the Nuese river, some 1,500 of us, there we beheld Old Glory floating from a tall staff. You should have seen those released 1,500 men stand—not cheering—but in silence, glad and thankful tears streaming down their cheeks, tears of joy and happiness. You may be sure that the stars and stripes meant something to us that day. We were once more in God's country. God's country is wherever our flag floats—the best flag ever known.

**W. J. McKay, Assistant Adjutant General for Wisconsin,
Grand Army of the Republic.**

Our flag is indeed a thing of beauty—so beautiful in form and color as to attract especial attention among the banners of all nations. But its ethical significance of goodness and civic righteousness is what makes it most beautiful to us who proudly call it *our Flag*. Its thirteen stripes tell of the beginning of our Union; its stars speak of our vigorous growth as a Nation; while its colors of Red, White and Blue symbolize the cardinal virtues of Courage, Purity and Truth—principles in harmony with the mission of the Master, who spoke as never man spake when he brought to earth the message of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

Last Sunday I saw our flag upon the flower-covered casket of a brave boy whose body had just come back from overseas, where he had fallen in battle, to his home church filled with his old friends for a memorial service. The flowers were of themselves beautiful, yet their sweet beauty was enhanced by the flag for which Howard had freely given his young life. Our flag never seemed more touchingly beautiful.

The inauguration last Monday under the great dome of our noble Capitol, so inspiring all through, reached its climax when,

at its close, the vast audience sang our Nationl, Anthem and as these words—"Tis the Star Spangled Banner, O Long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!" Arose in a grand chorus echoing and re-echoing along the corridors, the great silk flag high up under the dome was unfurled in all its beauty. The effect was thrilling, electrifying every heart.

Beautiful indeed it was, like a benediction from heaven.

From C. P. Cary, State Superintendent.

Our flag symbolizes our nation. Love of the flag is love of our country. To honor the flag is to show our profound respect for the government under which we live, and our allegiance to it. To fight for our flag and risk our lives in its defense is proof to the world that we count no sacrifice too great to make in defense of our country.

The flag stands not only for what we as a nation are but it stands for our ideals and our hopes for the future; it stands for liberty, democracy, and the equal rights of all our citizens. Our flag stands for law and order. Thus we are defending the flag and putting meaning into it when we obey law, enforce law, and stand firmly for the things that make for human liberty and the equal-rights of man. We do not have to wait till called to arms to defend the flag; we can honor and defend it every day. All honor to the defenders of the nation's flag whether in school, in home, in workshop, or on the field of battle. Honor to the nation that now is and to the high ideals for which the nation stands!

SOME FLAG POEMS

The Greater Flag.

The following noble flag poem was read by the Rev. E. B. Earle, Chaplain of the Wisconsin Veterans' Home, at Waupaca, in his sermon on Sunday, July 4, 1920. At my request he let me have a copy of it for use in this flag book. The author is unknown:

Fling out its folds to the winds of earth from every crest and crag,
Roll a strong salute from a million throats to honor this greater flag:
The flag of a larger freedom, the flag of a wider trust,
From the arctic snow-peaks waving to the gray-flung desert dust;
Flower of the New World's morning, noon's promise and prophecy,
Spanning the reach of endeavor into the vast To Be;

Broadening its stripes that their shadow may shelter a neighbor
brood.

A nation reckoned of nations, fearless of temper and mood.

Never the past forgetting, ne'er to the past untrue,
But formed of a larger stature, 'neath skies of a deeper blue;
Grown to a fuller being, wise with the wisdom of years,
The prudence born of mistakes wrought out, the tenderness taught
tears;

Strong with the pain of purchase, tense muscle and sweat of brow,
When destiny over the nations drove deep its iron plow;
Fit with the brawn of battle for defending the ways of peace,
That the factions of evil may dwindle, the forces of right increase.

Hemmed no more in the cradle on the marge of the eastern sea,
For a puissant people only the stars of the West float free.
As a tree grows, as a child grows, as a man to his power and prime,
So the life of our nation broadens, strong-souled in its riper time;
With the might of a titan impulse, a million hands at the wheel,
A million minds for serving, a million hearts to feel;
Upborne, as a ship sea-driven, when the full tides sweep and roll,
In the track of the gods far-destined to our unchangeable goal.

In the front of the great World-shapers appointed to lead and to mold,
Lining the solid course of the new to plumb with the tried of the old;
On the broad foundation buttressed with the mortar of blood and tears,
There towers the temple foretold in the dreams of prophets and
seers;

Wide-domed as the vault of heaven, including, as heaven includes,
The strong and the puny in status alike, full-handed or bare of goods;
Holding no cast injustice, no fief of air or light,
Not flung as a bone to beggars, but ceded, a primal right.

No more shall the grail of the ages for the few be sought and won,
But alike and equal the sharing, when the strife is striven and done;
Each man, by the flag above him, bound to his bravest and best,
To full free chance for his making, to room for his highest quest;
Bound, by the flag above him, to reckon his brother's need;
Bound, by the flag above him, to hearken, and help, and heed
The voices crying in the darkness, as the crying of kith and kin,
The call of the scourged and outcast, as the call of the housed within.

Not all to the captains and leaders—to them be the good that is theirs—
But they battle for Liberty's largess, and the sons of slaves have shares;
No more to her borders only the power of the nation bends
But the keepers of earth are kindred, and the weakest of earth are
friends;

Friends by the bondage of urgent need, equal, insistent and strong,
Kindred by kindred purpose to better the ancient wrong;
Tempered and tried in the furnace, proven of sight and of soul,
She measures the message of Fate on the future's golden scroll.

Unfurl its folds to the winds of heaven from every cliff and crag,
Roll a strong salute from a million throats to honor this greater flag;
The flag of a larger freedom, the flag of a wider trust,
From the arctic snow-peaks waving to the gray-flung desert dust;
With the light of its starry halo out-tossed on the utmost seas,
Its stripes in the sunshine rippling, caressed by the farthest breeze;
With the hopes of the hearts that won it, the torch of our beacon still,
And the blood yet red for its keeping that flowed on Bunker Hill.

The Flag on The Farm. r

We've raised a flagpole on the farm
And flung Old Glory to the sky,
And its another touch of charm
That seems to cheer the passer-by;
But more than that, no matter where
We're laboring, in wood and field,
We turn and see it in the air,
Our promise of a greater yield.
It whispers to us all day long
From dawn to dusk, "Be true, be strong;
Who falters now with plough or hoe
Gives comfort to his country's foe."

It seems to me I've never tried
To do so much about the place,
Or been so slow to come inside.
But since I've got the Flag to face,
Each night when I come home to rest,
I feel that I must look up there
And say, "Old Flag, I've done my best—
Today I've tried to do my share."
And sometimes, just to catch the breeze,
I stop my work, and o'er the trees
Old Glory fairly shouts my way,
"You're shirking far too much today!"

The help have caught the spirit, too;
The hired man takes off his cap
Before the old red, white and blue,
Then to the horses says, "Giddap!"
And, starting bravely to the field,
He tells the milkmaid by the door,
"We're going to make these acres yield

More than they've ever done before!"
She smiles to hear his gallant brag,
Then drops a courtsey to the Flag,
While in her eyes there seems to shine
A patriotism that is fine.

We've raised a flagpole on the farm
And flung Old Glory to the sky;
We're far removed from war's alarm
But courage here is running high.
We're doing things we never dreamed
We'd ever find the time to do—
Deeds that impossible once seemed
Each morning now we hurry through.
The flag now waves above our toil,
And sheds its glory on the soil;
And man and boy look up to it
As if to say, "I'll do my bit!"
—Edgar A. Guest, by permission.

The Name of Old Glory.

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ship and the crew,
And the long blended ranks of the gray and the blue,
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?
Who gave you that name with the ring of the same
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your Stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightful light
Laughing down from their square heaven of blue!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then,
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
That so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild, breezy way—
We—the crowd, every man of us calling you that—
We—Tom Dick and Harry—Each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
When—Lord!—we all know we're as common as sin!

And waft us your thanks as, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.—
And this is the reason we're wanting to know—
(And we're wanting it so!—
Where our fathers went we are willing to go.)
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—Oho!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.*

Old Glory, the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it and cheer it, 'tis a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;—
And seeing you fly, and the boys passing by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.*

And it spake with a shake of the voice, and it said:—
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars over head—
By the symbol conjoined of them, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the Glory of God.

.So I came by the name of Old Glory.

—James Whitcomb Riley

Union.

The following poem from the patriotic department of the course of study in the elementary schools of Texas, where Annie Webb Blanton is state superintendent, was written by Virginia Frazer Boyle, said to be the foremost living poet of the South. It is truly patriotic. Such sentiments should tend to unite the North and the South. With the author the war is over.

Out of the mists and the storms of the years,
Out of the glory of triumph and of tears,
Out of the ashes of hopes and of fears,
The Old South still leads on.

She is bringing today what her hands have wrought,
What her mother's heart at her knee has taught—
Her treasure of time that her blood has bought—
To lay at the nation's feet.

Not the tattered things which she waves today—
Not the Stars and Bars she has laid away,
Not the bended forms in their coats of gray—
Her wond'rous pledge to the past.

But the spirit that stirs through the dust of the grave,
Where the flags of the Union wave;
The valor the God of heroes gave
To freedom and liberty.

She comes with the cry that led her on,
When freedom and liberty first were born—
And the name of her peerless Washington—
The rugged strength of her days.

She has kept unmixed, through her years of pain,
America's blood in its purest vein;
As she gave to the past, she gives again,
For the glory of her land.

With a patriot's faith in the days to be
She is pressing the seal of her destiny;
With the fame of her Jackson and her Lee,
The heritage of her sons.

And she sees in her ruddy boy today,
In his khaki coat, her lad in gray;
And back of the drums her heartstrings play
When the bugles shout and call.

But her mother-love is not dismayed;
She has laid her treasure unafraid
On the shrine where the sad-eyed Lincoln prayed
That the Union might not break.

How they troop, that host that can never die!
A nation's heroes passing by—
The spirits that brook nor earth nor sky—
For the deathless dead have heard.

They are marching out with a shadowy lance,
With the sons of sons to the fields of France;
And they stand at the guns while the bullets glance,
Where England fights to win.

Oh, hallowed earth of the brave and free!
Oh, pledges of life and of liberty!
They are keeping the tryst on the land and the sea,
Of a nation forever one!

At a Parade.

The flag went by, its bars of purest white
Paid tribute to the memory of the dead,
Although its scarlet stripes glow vivid still,
As when they dripped with blood at Bunker Hill.
The flag went by, its bars of purest white
Unstained as the deathless ideals bright
For which our forebears bled, and every star
Gleamed on its azure field, like hope afar,
That leads men upward—deems no height too steep
For those to scale who save their birthright keep.

The flag went by. Its passage seemed to me
A strain exquisite from a threnody
That mourned the passing of those heroes bold.
Who fought beneath its silken folds, of old.
The flag went by. I merely dreamed the note
Of sweeter melody that seemed to float.
And quivering, suspended, hung in air
Above the thoughtless crowds that gathered there
To watch the pageant; for I saw no sign
That any other soul had thrilled with mine!

Where is the patriotic fire that flamed
'Mid snows at Valley Forge? Are men ashamed
To render public homage to the sign
And symbol of a nation's soul, divine
And deathless? It is comforting to know
In '76, at least, it was not so!
History chronicles for all to see
It was not so in 1863!
Does our blood crawl so sluggishly today
That, we unmoved, that emblem can survey?
Hats off! It is your own, your country's flag!
On many battlefields a tattered rag
It fluttered proudly! triumph or defeat
For right did not hesitate to meet.
It is the symbol of the hopes and fears,

Struggles, attainments, of a hundred years
And almost two-score more. It is the sum
Of what we aim to be, what we have done,
Or hope to do—and yet I saw no eye
Kindle, no hand salute—

The flag went by!

—Beatrice Barry

Selected from Colorado's Holiday Book

The Flag Goes By.

Old Glory's coming down the street,
Its sparkling stars in Heaven's sky
Where blue and white and red all meet—
Take off your hat as it goes by.

Old Glory rustles in the breeze
That murmurs where the wounded lie
Who fought to give you lives of ease—
Take off your hat, the Flag goes by.

Our boys are falling on the line—
Each day records they do and die.
Then will you stand and give no sign?
Take off your hat, the Flag goes by.

And will you say, "I did not know
Old Glory stands for those who lie
In heroes' tombs, or graves laid low?"
Lest you forget, the flag goes by.

Old Glory sees its triumph hour,
No fairer sight can greet your eye;
This is the Flag of might and Power—
Take off your hat as it goes by.

Old Glory's coming down the street,
The ensign of the world—to fly
Where hope and peace and freedom meet.
"Would you forget?" The Flag goes by.

An empire cowers, for it knows
Its doom is writ in darkened sky.
A world takes off its hat, and shows
Old Glory now is passing by.

—Lillian M. Clark Cary,

National Patriotic Instructor,

Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic.

No Red Flag in America.

America, to all the world
Thou stretchest forth a friendly hand;
Beneath thy glorious flag unfurled
No bars to human progress stand.
The honest mind
In thee can find
No chains to hamper or to bind,
Thou dearest hope of all mankind,
Thou first and freest land!

Then what of those who now would flout
Thy flag that millions died to save
Since first, upon the breeze flung out,
It stirred the spirits of the brave?
What men are those,
What fools and foes,
Would change the flag the fathers chose,
And in the place where it arose
A blood-red flag would wave?

No lovers of their kind are they
Who'd wreck the work the fathers wrought.
Blind leaders of the blind are they
Who'd render vain the fight they fought.
Not love but hate
Inspires the prate
That bodes such evil to the State;
But by the God who rules our fate
Their plans shall come to naught.

--

Before no flaming flag of red,
Thy spirit, O Columbia, cowers;
No symbol of disorder dread
Shall palsy thy benignant powers!
But over thee
From sea to sea
Shall float the banner of the free,
The flag of law and liberty,
That Starry Flag of ours.

—Dennis A. Mc Carthy

The Flag of Betsy Ross

Long are the years that it drifts across,
The tale that is dear and dim,
Of Washington's visit to Betsy Ross
And the flag that she made for him;
The tale of the flag with its radiant folds,
And the stars in its field of blue,
And well have we cherished all that it holds
That has thrilled us through and through.

And well do we treasure still the scene
In the quaint old Quaker town;
Over the folds with their silken sheen
The seamstress is bending down.
The roses are blooming beside the door
Where the fragrant breeze comes through,
The breeze that will welcome forevermore
The Red, the White and the Blue.

And the eyes of the seamstress, what do they see
In the stars she has circled there?
The sign of a Union that shall ever be
Forever free and fair!
So the vision grows as her needle flies
Through the hurrying hours, and then,
When the sun is high in the western sky
The general comes again.

All this we have read; but who can tell
Of the flag that she made that day?
What was its fate and what befell
When the general rode away?
Oh where did it fly, and where did it fade
And where was it last hauled down—
The flag that Betsy the seamstress made
In the quaint old Quaker town?

Did it fly, perchance, in the battle smoke,
The target of shot and shell?
Did it hear the cheers when the enemy broke,
And the groans of those who fell?
Did it wave o'er the ranks of the buff and blue,
And the glory of victory share,
When the blood-red banner of Britain flew
But a captive trophy there?

Did it fly, perchance, in the favoring breeze
On a ship that sailed afar

Beyond the farthestmost sweep of seas,
Where the Islands of Mystery are?
Did it feel the lash of the roaring gales,
And the kiss of the salty foam?
Did it flutter aloft when the weathered sails
Were furled in the harbor of home?

Did it fly, perchance, o'er the teeming town
When the land knew peace again,
Wherever its gleaming stars looked down
On the ways of busy men?
Where every wind that its stripes could know
Brought a message fair and good
Of the spirit that blessed the square below
Where the church and the schoolhouse stood?

Oh where did it fly, and where did it fade,
And where was it last hauled down—
The flag that Betsy the seamstress made
In the quaint old Quaker town?
It is vain to ask; we only know
That the fabric fell into dust,
And went to the land where lost things go,
As every fabric must.

The fabric faded and fell apart,
Yet the beautiful flag we know
Is the flag unfading that thrilled the heart
Of Washington long ago !
And in that flag through the years to be,
Where'er its free folds toss,
Shall the eyes of the people ever see
The flag of Betsy Ross.

—*Author Not Known.*

Chronicles of the Flag.

Ne'er waved beneath the golden sun
A lovelier banner for the brave
Than that our bleeding fathers won
And proudly to our children gave,
Its glorious stars in azure shine,
The radiant heraldry of heaven;
Its stripes in beauteous order twine
The emblems of our Union given.
Around the globe, through every clime,
Where commerce wafts or man hath trod,
It floats aloft, unstained with crime.
But hallowed by heroic blood.

—*Anonymous*

God Bless our Flag.

God bless the flag! let it float and fill
The sky with its beauty. Our heartstrings thrill
To the low sweet chant of its wind-swept bars,
And the chorus of all its clustering stars.
Embrace it, O mother! and heroes shall grow
While its colors blush warm on your bosoms of snow.
Defend it, O fathers! there's no sweeter death
Than to float its folds with a soldier's last breath.
And love it, O children! be true to the sires
Who wore it in pain by the old camp-fires.

—*Samuel L. Simpson.*

Our Flag.

Flag of a thousand battles,
Beautiful Flag of the free,
Waving from lake to ocean,
Waving from sea to sea;
Outward and onward ever,
Daring the restless wave,
Upward and skyward ever,
Pride of the true and brave.

—*Eugene F. Ware.*

Toast to the Flag.

Here's to the land which gave me birth,
Here's to the flag she flies;
Here's to her sons—the best of earth—
Here's to her smiling skies.

—*Frank Pixley.*

No rest or peace at night he knew
The Flag was whispering in his dreams
Of splendid deeds for him to do,
Telling of blood that flows in streams,
Until at last with eyes aglow
He bade farewell to home and all
Stepped forward as a man to go—
His soul had heard Old Glory's call.

—*Edgar A. Guest*

Forever float that standard sheet
Where breathes the foe but falls before it.
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er it.

—*Selected by Bishop Samuel Fallows*

Nothing But Flags.

My Little Flag Book of last year had in it the poem bearing the above title, with the name of Francis Gallagher as its author. I had seen the poem credited to Francis Gallagher, also to Moses Owen. I did not know which was correct, and, for no certain reason, chose Gallagher. When the little book found its way "down east" to the Pine Tree State, and had been read at the State Library, Marion Brainerd, assistant librarian, wrote to me saying:

"I thank your courtesy in sending the second edition of "A Little Flag Book. I have been much interested in it. On page sixty-seven there is a poem, 'Nothing but Flags', which is credited to Francis Gallagher.

"In the rotunda of the Maine Capitol building there is a bronze tablet containing this poem, and it is credited to Moses Owen. Several years ago we made a careful investigation and are convinced that Moses Owen, a native of Bath, Maine, was the author. I feel sure that you will be glad to have this called to your attention, and we, of course, are anxious to give due acknowledgment to a son of Maine. We are sending to you today a copy of the words as they appear on our bronze tablet".

I was glad to get this letter, also a print of the tablet, which I now have framed and placed alongside our Wisconsin battle flags. It tells the same flag story here in our Capitol that it does in Maine. The poem is here reprinted as it is on the tablet:

Nothing but flags—but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the host of the mighty dead,
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their young life's tide,
And, dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

Nothing but flags—yet methinks at night
They tell each other their tales of fright;
And dim spectres come and their thin arms twine
'Round each standard torn, as they stand in line!
As the word is given—they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm!
And once again through the smoke and strife
Those colors lead to a Nation's life.



South Wall of Memorial Hall in the Capitol

Nothing but flags—yet they're bathed in tears,
They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears;
Of a mother's prayers, of a boy away,
Of a serpent crushed, of the coming day!
Silent they speak and the tear will start
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot,
Their flags come home—why come *they* not?

Nothing but flags—yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at those types of death!
Nothing but flags, yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray though the lips be dumb!
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear loved flags at home again;
Baptized in blood, our purest, best
Tattered and torn they are now at rest.

—Moses A. Owen.

Your Flag and My Flag.

Your Flag and my flag
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half the world away.
Rose-red and blood-red
Its stripes forever gleam
Snow-white and soul-white
The good forefather's dream.
Sky-blue and true-blue
With stars that aright—
The gloried guidon of the day,
A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag,
And oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land
Secure within its folds.
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight—
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
The red, and blue, and white.
The one flag, the great flag,
The flag for me and you,
Glorified all else beside,
The red, and white, and blue.

Your flag and my flag,
For every star and stripe
Drums beat as hearts beat,
And fifers shrilly pipe;
Your flag and my flag,
A glory in the sky,
Your hope and my hope,
It never hid a lie.
In homeland a far land,
And half the world around
Old Glory hears our glad salute
And ripples to the sound.

—Walter D. Nesbit

A Toast to the Flag.

Here's to the Red of it—
There's not a thread of it,
No, not a shred of it
In all the spread of it
From foot to head,
But heroes have bled for it,
Faced steel and lead for it,
Precious blood shed for it,
Bathing it red.

Here's to the White of it—
Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it
But feels the might of it
Through day and through night.
Womanhood's care for it
Made manhood dare for it;
Purity's prayer for it
Kept it so white.

Here's to the Blue of it—
Heavenly view of it,
Star-spangled hue of it,
Loyalty's due of it,
Constant and true.
Here's to the whole of it,
Stars, stripes and pole of it;
Here's to the soul of it—
Red, White and Blue.

A Suggestion to Teachers.

It is a good thing in school to have the boys and girls learn two or three or more good poems so that they may be recited now and then in concert. I cannot forget the energy and expression with which a school in Racine, Wisconsin, upon suggestion of their teacher, Miss Medora Roskilly, recited a patriotic poem for me. It was truly thrilling and inspiring, the spirit they put into it; and they seemed heartily to enjoy it. I do not know of better poems for this purpose than the last two. They are good to have in one's mind for recitation at any time. It is good as one grows older to have his mind stored with gems of thought and literary expression; and the time to take possession of such riches is in childhood and youth. "Your Flag and my Flag" and "A Toast to the Flag," are indeed gems, poetic and patriotic.

SOME LITTLE FLAG VERSES

The Voice of the Flag.

He little thought the flag could speak,
 'Twas just a patch of beauty there
That he had seen from week to week,
 Half-soiled and fluttering in the air.
He never dreamed it had a soul,
 He never thought it was his friend
Until the drums began to roll
 And days of peace were at an end.

And then he saw the men pass by,
 He heard the music of the band,
He saw the soldiers march—to die
 If need be, out on No Man's Land.
But when the last brown line had passed
 And silence claimed the streets once more,
Something that fluttered from a mast
 Spoke as it never had before.

"Boy! Boy!" it seemed to cry to him,
 "Come, I will make a man of you;
Come to the fields where all is grim
 And live or die for what is true."
He thought it strange, yet day by day
 Where'er he saw Old Glory fly
Always to him he heard it say
 "For me out there your brothers die."

Honor the Stars and Stripes.

Honor the flag that freemen raise,
Honor the flag that freemen praise—
Gander now than in days of yore—
Glorious Stars and Stripes.

Then lift the hat and give salute,
Nor let the patriot's tongue be mute.
Grows loyalty of less repute
Under the Stars and Stripes?

Splendid banner! first of all
That men to quickened heartbeats call!
And shall it e'er dishonored fall—
Beautiful Stars and Stripes?

Proud and high through many a storm
It has kept the hearts of freemen warm,
And covered many a silent form—
Sacred Stars and Stripes.

—*Carl W. Mason, New London, Wis.*

The Colors of Our Flag.

There is a Flag, a grand old Flag,
The red, the white, the blue;
It is so precious to my heart—
I know it's so to you.

The Red is like the heroes' blood
Which was shed for me and you;
So now, dear classmates, let us prove
That we to it are true.

The White is like the purity
Of our dear freedom's land;
And may it reach across the sea
And clasp our allies' hand.

The Blue is like our soldiers true,
Who are ever pressing on
To win the day, the blessed day,
When vict'ry shall be our song.

So let us all salute our Flag,
The red, the white, the blue,
And ever with our loyal hearts
Prove that to her we're true.

—*A Seventh Grade Child, St. Louis School.*

Salute to the Flag.

Oh bring the fife and bring the drum,
And bring the colors, too,
The banner with the stars and stripes,
The red, the white, and blue.
Then roll the drum and shrill the fife,
And let the banner fly,
We'll all salute our bonny flag
As we go marching by.

Then fling the colors high in air,
Salute with shout and song;
The white it stands for purity,
The red for courage strong.
The stars that glitter there aloft,
In field of azure blue,
A message bear of loyalty
To every heart that's true.

Making Us The Flag.

One night upon the snow
The red sun fell in bars,
And in a square of sky above
There shone some early stars.

I saw the pretty day.
Upon the hilltop lag
A-playing she was Betty Ross
Just making us the flag.

What My Grandpa Said.

Recitation for a Boy Carrying a Flag

This is my country's flag;
I love each snowy star
Set in its azure corner space,
Each white and crimson bar.

I'd love to see it float
Above a battlefield,
I'd fight for it until I died—
I'd never, never yield.

I told my grandpa so.
He smiled and stroked my head.
"You can defend the flag to-day"—
That's what my grandpa said.

He said to fight in time of war
Is not the only way
To serve the country that we love;
We can serve her every day.

He said that every wrong thing done
Is weakening our land;
Unless the evils are put down
Our country may not stand.

He talked of Greece, and Egypt too,
And Rome and Babylon,
And how because they were not good
Their mighty power is gone.

"A boy who loves his flag," he said,
"Will battle for the right.
A boy can serve our country well
Being good with all his might."

He said the dearest land on earth,
The best the sun shines on,
Should have the best and bravest boys
To put the wrong things down.

I mean to always think of this
When I see our banner bright;
We boys may serve our country well
By trying to do right.

—Selected, From Colorado's Holiday Book.

Our Nation's Colors.

Exercise for Three Little Girls

- All. We wear today the colors
 To which our men were true;
 Long may they wave above us,
 The Red, the White, the Blue.
- Red. Bright as the rays of morning,
 When comes the dawn's first gleam,
 Within our much-loved banner
 The crimson bars are seen.
- White. Pure as the snowflakes falling,
 Or early morning light,
 Among the bars of crimson
 Appear the bars of white.
- Blue. Bright as the skies of evening,
 When gleam the stars of night,
 The blue within our banner
 Enfolds the stars of white.

A Flag Exercise.

For The Little Ones

Holding The Flag.

- First Pupil. This is our flag, and may it wave
 Wide over land and sea!
 Though others love a different flag,
 This is the flag for me.
- Concert. And that's the flag for all our land,
 We will revere no other;
 Whoever holds this symbol fair
 Shall be to us a brother.
- Second Pupil. America's the land we love,
 Our broad, fair land so free;
 And, schoolmates, whereso'er I go,
 This is the flag for me.
- Repeat concert stanza
- Third pupil. These glorious stars and radiant stripes
 With youthful joy I see;
 May no rude hand its beauty mar!
 This the flag for me.
- Repeat concert stanza

Our Flag.

	For a boy and girl, each with a flag
	We pledge allegiance to our flag,
Both—	To it we will be true,
	We will defend it with our lives
	Our own red, white and blue.
The Girl—	The white, it stands for purity,
	For faith and truth the blue,
	The red, for courage bold and strong—
	There's meaning in each hue.
Both—	We love the stars, the many stars
	Upon their field of blue;
	We love the stripes of red and white,
	We know their meaning, too.
The Boy—	"Star Spangled Banner" it is called,
	Sometimes "Old Glory," too,
	Sometimes "The Banner of the Free,"
	Our own red, white and blue.
Both, waving	
their flags—	We pledge allegiance to our flag,
	To it we will be true,
	We will defend it with our lives,
	Our own red, white and blue.

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